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IN THIS ISSUE

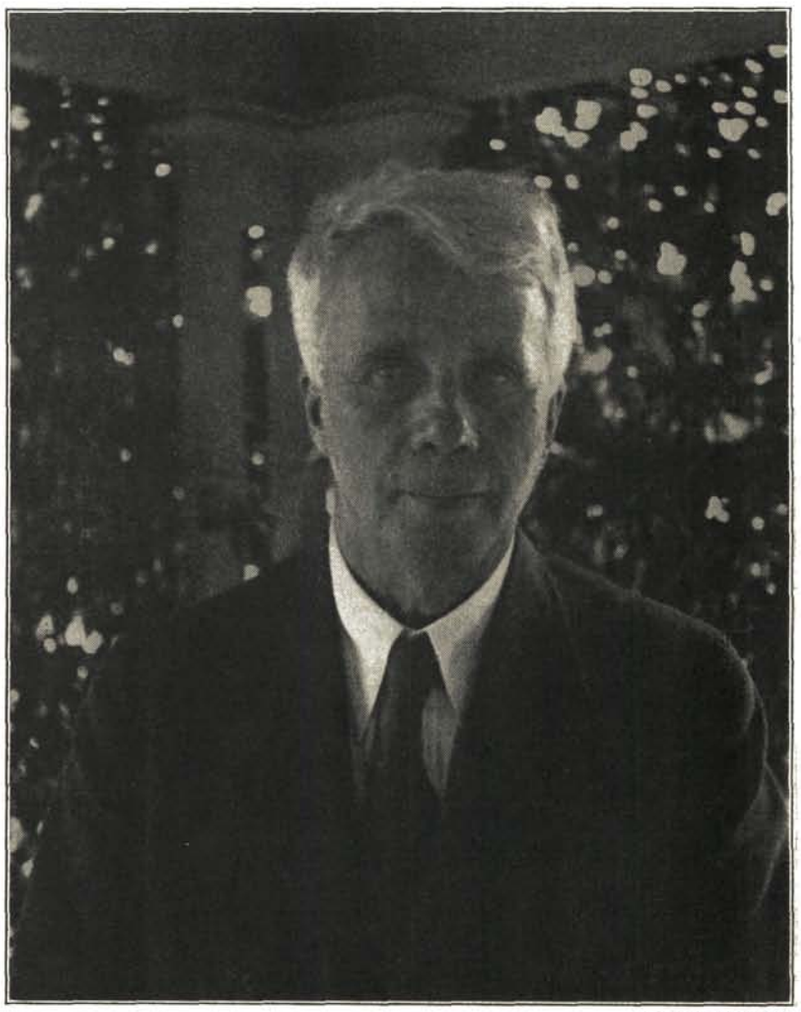
JOHN ABBOT CLARK
Colby, Criticism, and Common Sense

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
Reviews "A Further Range" by Robert Frost

GEORGE DANGERFIELD
Reviews "Abinger Harvest" by E. M. Forster

LAURENCE STAPLETON
Reviews "Days of Wrath" by Andre Malraux

ROBERT DISRAELI
News Pictures of the Month



Bernard DeVoto

ROBERT FROST

"Wise old woodchuck! And if he has not got the whole 'United States stated,' he has got a good deal of life stated in original analogy and phrase. And if anybody should ask me why I still believe in my land, I have only to put this book in his hand and answer, 'Well—here is a man of my country.'" . . . *(See page 6)*

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Literary Editor, San Francisco Chronicle

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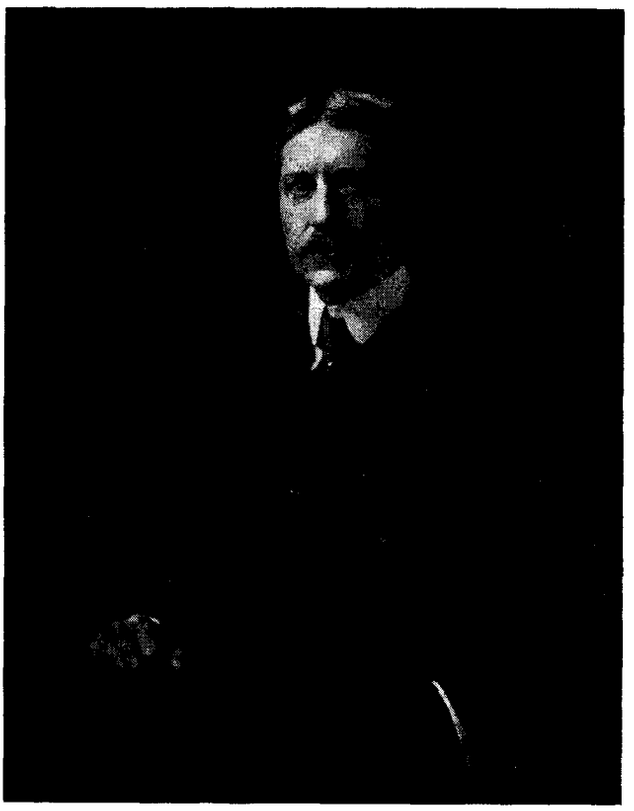
Colby, Criticism, and Common Sense

BY JOHN ABBOT CLARK



FRANK MOORE COLBY

WHEN America's social and economic life ceases to be the jungle that it now is, an observer like Frank Moore Colby (1865-1925) may take his rightful place as one of the shrewdest analysts of the native folkways that we have ever had. And when literary criticism in the United States is again disentangled from the maze of fallacies in which we now find it, Colby's genius for brilliant, offhand utterance on a battered subject may, apart from the enduring appeal of its form, be taken for the sound good sense that it is.

To see the validity of his ideas about the real nature of the critical function, one has only to read his three books long out of print, "Imaginary Obligations" (1904), "Constrained Attitudes" (1910), and "The Margin of Hesitation" (1921), or track him through many magazine files — dusty business, but by no means bootless. ("The Colby Essays," edited by Clarence Day, Jr., and published by Harpers, are available and something to be thankful for, but fail to do him justice.) Since Colby's judgments on the writers of the first quarter of this century constitute a separate chapter of that part of our literary history which still remains off the record, we shall confine this paper to a consideration of his critical philosophy, and a contrast and comparison with what is being done today.

When Colby once declared that literary critics must tolerate the geese of literature if they would avoid the sad fate of turning into barnyard reformers in their declining years, he was not counselling critical surrender; he was merely thinking of the reigning poets, belles-lettrists, and literary watchdogs of the 1900s. The existing popular anything was naturally out of the question for a critic like Colby. The man was one of God's own aristocrats, consistent, thoroughgoing, and disturbingly honest. He possessed a sense of humor which for depth, comprehension, and incisiveness is unequalled in the whole range of American criticism. He was a living embodiment of the Comic Spirit. He did not exclude himself from the company of the damned and the fallible. He did not waste his writing days (far too many of them were spent in teaching and editing) drawing invidious distinctions among authors on the various levels of contemporary literature's lower depths. Whereas the *enfants terribles* of present-day criticism will tear a vulnerable Cabell limb from limb today, only to lie dow in hitch-hiking prose with a Marxian novelist not long out of creative writing courses at college tomorrow, Colby would have made truly devastating shrift of both. He was not one to allow the facts of the literary life to sour his criticism of it. It was beneath him, as he once put it, to rebuke the manners of invertebrates, be they literary or marine. Unlike most critics, he sidestepped literary mediocrity instead of capitulating to it.

Colby was quietly resigned to the presence of the hack. It was the maddening pretentiousness of the hack-baiter that provoked his wrath. The literary snob, who is barely close enough to literature to maintain the illusion of his vital connection with it, was Colby's favorite game. Furthermore, Colby differed from the lead-pipe artists of today in one very important respect: he was far more deadly — and inclusive. The high executioners of Colby's time frequently found themselves out in the street, alongside the riff-raff.

In the early years of this century the country was teeming with inspired lyrists and fictioneers of the regional or local-color variety, and the critical incitement to their production of more of the same became at times so nauseating that Colby's rule of silence was broken. Has the critic's duty to discourage the fabrication of minor literature ever been stated more trenchantly?

> The queerest kind of writing we have nowadays is that of the men who burst out every little while and say sweet things about every living American writer they can think of. I have read an account in a magazine of an imaginary journey from Indiana to the gulf, in which the writer pays a compliment to every local colorist on either side of the railway. "I kiss my hand to the whole genial and lovable lot," he says, as he takes leave of some district where the tracks of minor writers are particularly fresh and thick. . . . Beyond the sky-line the home of a magazine, while far to the southward the young author of certain wondrous stories "lives quietly unspoilt by sudden and well-deserved fortune." . . . and here is a nest of "low-country geniuses," and there is where he met a "charming poet" years ago, then "a bright-eyed boy full of dreams and rhymes." This sort of thing happens, as I said before, every little while. No matter how minute the bard or how imponderable the novelist, his greatness is found out.

It still goes on, of course (right now,

Next Week

TRAVELS IN TWO DEMOCRACIES
By EDMUND WILSON
Reviewed by Maurice Hindus

STORIES OF THREE DECADES
By THOMAS MANN
Reviewed by Wilson Follett

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so we are told, the Friends of Poetry are on the march all over the country), and for reasons best known to editors, publishers, commercial cheer-leaders, and the perpetrators of plain and fancy writing courses in our universities and colleges. Honest men like Ring Lardner, James Norman Hall, William McFee, and humane critics like Irving Babbitt have shown up this regrettable business for what it is—to no avail. The effects of these outbursts of "miscellaneous affection" on the part of literary middlemen who have hearts "in which everybody is made welcome like the lobby of an American hotel" can be seen, said Colby, "in the number of American writers who reach a certain level of attainment and then stop."

Between 1900 and 1912 most of this unthinking crying-up of tenth-raters could be explained partly on the ground of patriotic pride in "promising" indigenous effusions, and partly on the ground of pseudo-critical spontaneous combustion. Today, the jumpy self-consciousness and the feeling of inferiority have apparently vanished. Otherwise the situation remains unchanged. Now, as then, when a writer of undetermined ranking is loudly boomed, it is usually because he lives in New York (or because he doesn't), because he is a "low-country" genius who writes like an angel, or because he is a "bright-eyed boy" full of dialectical materialism and sprung rhythm.

In one respect, though, the typical critic of today, besides writing with more dash and bite, parts company with his colleague of an earlier period: he is much more given to the drawing of non-existent distinctions. Three novels by three different authors, none of them at all out of the ordinary, would probably have been dismissed by a generation of more naive critics as being of a piece. But most of today's younger critics would, in all likelihood, nominate the first one for immortality, contemptuously predict a Pulitzer award for the second, and throw the third one out of the window. And where the critics of the tens were blowing hot most of the time, those of the thirties are solemnly nasty to anything the least bit askew in ideology.

Colby, too, was a confirmed believer in the efficacy of the rawhide, and no one ever enjoyed the lusty give and take of critical warfare more heartily than he. But unlike critics known to all of us, he preferred that the lash be reserved for the able-bodied and the actually delinquent. His only objection to literary quarrels was their pronounced tendency to insipidity.

> Time and again I have been drawn by the promise of a good bout between literary egotisms, heard the hiss of the flying insult and the cry of the wounded vanity, seen the lie passing back and forth, and self-love stripped for action, only to find the whole thing going off in a mere popping of astonishments. "You're a Bayswater pessimist," was the angry editor's parting shot. . . . "You're a blazing boy," said the playwright fiercely. And each withdrew claiming the victory. These are fair specimens of modern literary warfare. No spirit in either attack or defence; a nose-to-thumb gesture, a flounce, a swish of skirts, the banging of a distant door, both crow languidly, and so the battle ends without pleasure to the looker-on, pain to the victim, or relief to the assailant's feelings. Shades of a thousand literary battlefields, how pitifully we have dwindled. . . . Tease an editor and out comes his pocket-handkerchief. (1910)

Today, the most noticeable characteristic of American criticism is its decided drift toward the absolute and the doctrinaire. The "journalistic" critics of the twenties have become the most strident, red-eyed pack of moralistic axe-grinders that America has ever had. The art's-sakist of yesterday is the Marxian firebrand of today. Where but a short time ago the literary critic was smugly oblivious of politics and economics, and sternly insisted upon literature's right to a padded cell of its own, he now contends fiercely that its first duty is to be non-literary. The esthete of one decade becomes his brother's keeper of the next. The dogmatism of artistic irresponsibility gives way to the dogmatism of literature's complete responsibility for the care and feeding of man.

Not all the Sad Young Critics of the thirties are literary Marxians, however. Others, like Yvor Winters and R. P. Blackmur, are such sticklers for the purely formal values of literature that one sometimes wonders whether cakes and ale, ever, had a place in literature. Because American criticism—on popular levels, anyway—was content to sprawl in an impressionistic gutter for nearly thirty years, most of the neo-alexandrians would like to see it bone dry and savorless for the rest of our lives. The truth probably resides near a point midway between the positions so truculently maintained by Michael Gold and Yvor Winters. And it is right here, we believe, that Frank Moore Colby comes in. Throughout literary history the authoritarian (of whatever variety) and the impressionist have chased each other o'er hill and dale. Together they have constituted one of the few circles that is not vicious. No one was ever more contemptuous of dilettante impressionism than Colby. He frequently exposed the vagaries of the critical school dominated by Anatole France, adorned by Lillian Russell, and run into the ground by James Huneker. Colby broke with the current crop of detractors (many of them apostates) in his readiness to give the livelier adventurers among masterpieces their due. He could pay grateful, discerning tribute to Huneker, and at the same time show most conclusively why a "book-furnace" is not necessarily a literary critic. Colby could actually make distinctions. His successors can spot a wobbly rhythm in a poem that Colby would have bluntly admitted was altogether meaningless to him, and the same season make critical asses of themselves over a "Europa," a "Sparkenbroke," or a metaphysically mangy sheaf of verse.

Colby's observations on the nature of criticism serve to remind one of the continuing value of irreducible common sense; and at the same time they accentuate the inescapable feeling of languor that results from a reading of critics who suspect collusion between Willa Cather and the Hawley-Smoot tariff, or who are so knowing on matters the explication of which could easily put God in a box. Today, as in 1904, when critics have more to say than people will submit to face to face, as Colby expressed it, it is customary to print it.

If criticism gone class conscious or alexandrian was depressing to Colby, literature gone scientific and scholarly (in the drier sense) was even more so. Given a free hand, the painfully class conscious critic (they are not all communists, by any means) and the typical literary researcher lead literature in the end to the same dreary impasse. Literature becomes either a dumping ground for the propagandist or a feeding ground for the grubber. When the proletarian novelist becomes primarily interested in human beings as victims of a rotten economic system, and the dryasdust sees literature solely as an outlet for his pigeonholing, tidying-up inclinations, the results are bound to be neither literary nor critical.

The genuinely humanistic bent of Colby's genius for Swiftian annihilation never revealed itself to better advantage than when loosed against the stale attempts of the academic mind to bottom literary criticism upon a firm underpinning of facts. Norman Foerster has most tellingly, embarrassingly pointed out the inadequacies and refusals of conventional scholarship to deal fruitfully with literary problems. The American scholar of the twentieth century, through his conceited, misguided aping of his laboratory brethren, has all too often dragged literary research down to the level of a Teachers' College thesis, on the score of whose findings it would seem advisable not to allow an overweight teacher to darken the portals of an American grade school ever again. (If there isn't one on this subject, there will be.)

Scientific thumbing, said Colby, is not literary analysis. He thought it a disagreeable job to classify a book by a prin-

(*Continued on page* 16)

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One Man's Fate in Nazi Germany

DAYS OF WRATH. By André Malraux. Translated by Haakon M. Chevalier. New York: Random House. 1936. $1.75.

Reviewed by LAURENCE STAPLETON

IN the last ten years there have been few books better than "Man's Fate," published in this country in 1934. The wide range of its characters, the intensity of its description, its highly articulate and personal style, were enough to establish Malraux as one of the most gifted modern novelists. Above all else, "Man's Fate" is distinguished for its narrative power, which joins in one stream of action the wills, the histories of individual men, and the collective encounters that give those histories a social form. "Days of Wrath" is a more specialized treatment of the same themes: the will of the individual against death and against isolation. These conflicts are not the same, although in Malraux's earlier books they are almost mystically identified. Because of its attempt to resolve the two, "Days of Wrath" marks an important stage in his work. But it should be read on its own account, because it is a moving book.

Halsmann

ANDRÉ MALRAUX

Kassner, a communist, is imprisoned by the Nazis. They are not certain of his identity. For nine days by the calendar, an indefinite and unreal time to him, he struggles against madness and the temptation of suicide. Finally he is released; an unknown man has surrendered himself in Kassner's place. Kassner escapes in a plane to Czechoslovakia, and rejoins his wife. His freedom, their reunion, his ability to re-enter Germany and again face death are directly dependent upon his comrade's sacrifice, just as his victory over madness and death in prison depend upon his unity with all the others suffering, like himself, in order to end the time of scorn.

"The world of a work like this," says Malraux, in the preface to this book, "the world of tragedy, is the ancient world still—man, the crowd, the elements, woman, destiny. It reduces itself to two characters, the hero and his sense of life." It is easy to see that "Days of Wrath" contains all the parts of the formula. What happens in it is not an accident. Kassner's suffering is not anyone's bad luck, fate is not freakish. He is imprisoned because he is one of many consciously fighting for a new society. But once in prison, he may not rely upon his communism, for if he were to be tortured, he might give away information. "His courage at this moment was intent upon separating the man who in a few minutes would be in the power of that menacing shuffle of boots from the Kassner he would once more become." It is this division of self, more than the scream-punctured silence of the concentration camp, more than the dark, more than blows, more than the circularity of time, that drives Kassner near to madness. How to be himself, through nothing but mind and memory? By means of music, which gives back his past and his life in many countries. How to preserve that Kassner he would once more become? His effort to understand through the wall the code-taps of another prisoner is one of the best parts of the book. When Kassner replies, when the two together beat out the word comrade, each is freed. Communication is established, the isolation of the individual is overcome. Collective life is the response to the challenge of death.

The book is emotionally powerful, though its central part is too short to carry the weight of its enormous feelings and desperate alternatives. Perhaps this difficulty is inherent in the nature of the subject, or perhaps it is caused by the essential anonymity of Kassner. He is not, like Kyo or Hemmelrich in "Man's Fate," a man whose life we would understand outside the revolution. Besides, he is an intellectual, even a writer. The fact, therefore, that his interpretation of destiny is personal and deliberate, counts less than it otherwise would. This anonymity of the hero, this inevitable entangling of the hero and his sense of life, makes "Days of Wrath" slighter than a tragedy. It is less interesting than "Man's Fate" because it has not the same variety of characters or reality of place. Nevertheless, this is a book to be read.

Boston and Maine

THE ISLANDS. By Gerald Warner Brace. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

SOME far too often quoted aphorist once made the dubious statement, "Every man has two countries, his own and France." It is probable that that was never very widely true of Americans, and as things are moving now it is almost truer to say that every American has two native states, his own and Maine. Mr. Brace, one of these adopted native sons, here gives us the State of Maine with a sharp tongue and a tender heart equal to her own. He tells the story of Edgar Thurlow, son of Maine fisher-folk and boat-builders, who was adopted by a high-minded Boston spinster and taken to live in the best Back Bay circles; who grew up trying to get his education not only from algebra, but from squaring boards that were to be used for nothing, in manual training; who was dangerously involved with a shallow girl, but came at last to his own again—the hard, satisfying life and world of his own seacoast.

It is admittedly a conventional story, but it is more than redeemed by the characters. During the scenes in Boston and elsewhere away from Maine it comes perilously close to being as thin in characterization as it is in plot. Mr. Chase's observation does not entirely desert him with the Bostonians; the Utopian lady, as good a New Englander as any Down Easter, is well drawn, and there are other just strokes, like the elegant young man who to Edgar's surprise turns out to be as strong as if he were less elegant. But on the whole the book languishes, like Edgar, away from salt air.

But happily much of the book is laid on the Maine coast, and there it is invariably excellent. The Down East boat-builders are among the last people in America to preserve the true tradition of craftsmanship, and Mr. Brace gives them to us with an appreciation of honest craftsmanship unmatched since Kipling. And he has succeeded wonderfully in catching the dry, humorous understatement, which, like all true humor, is a constant undercurrent of thought, so characteristic of his people. To say that, of all the good novels by Maine writers, none has so much Maine humor, is to risk making this sound quaint and patronizing. It is certainly neither; but perhaps the outsider, as he hears better the peculiar intonation of a language, feels also the whole slope of its thought. M. André Maurois says of Disraeli, "Il aimait ces Anglais un peu plus qu'ils ne pouvaient s'aimer eux-mêmes"; and so it is with Mr. Brace and the Maine folk. So it is with many of us; and his readers will be of the company.

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VIEW OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS FROM ROBERT FROST'S FARM
Engraved by J. J. Lankes.

Wise Old Woodchuck

A FURTHER RANGE. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

TWO American poets of my time have possessed an integrity they wore so easily that no one could imagine them being otherwise. One is dead, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and one —we thank the gods—is still alive and writing with the same felicity and shrewd wisdom as of old. Of what does such integrity consist? One would say the chief element is being oneself. But then one really has to *be* someone in the first place. We soon find out what a man can do and how well he does it. But in the case of a major writer, the whole life becomes involved in the work. No matter how reticent he may be, or how objectively he may write, the whole man comes before us. A certain voice is speaking that is like no other. And that is not because he decides to adopt certain characteristics of style. His style grows out of his way of thinking and speaking. The commonplace, the specious, never achieve style. And no form of writing more betrays a man than the practice of what we call poetry.

Frost, I think, is a major poet, because he is, for one thing, a significant human being. He is definitely one certain kind of human being and has his own limitations; but he early decided to be his own man, and by so being he has developed his own special gift to the full. Probably there has only been one poet in the whole history of the world who could be all things to all men, and that was Shakespeare. Compared with that extraordinary phenomenon all other poets are minor, though all those we call major had their special gifts. But there is no use putting people into a pantheon too early, and it is of no particular importance, save to say that here is an American of whom we can rightly be proud as we are proud of Emerson, and that to me is saying a great deal.

But Frost is no transcendentalist. He is a close observer of the earth and the ways of man on the earth. When he first came into his own and wrote the line about "the highway where the slow wheel pours the sand" he demonstrated that he had the god-given faculty of reporting as a poet—of all beings at his best the most accurate—precisely what he saw. We have got used to that now, got used to his constantly opening our eyes to the things we overlook that he clothes with significance. He came before us quietly, with no blatancy, no fanfare, and at first we may have thought—we who were so romantic and so dramatic then—that it was commonplace. But how well he wears! No fuss and feathers. Just a man we like to listen to, because wisdom out of deep experience wells through his words.

So what?—says the young poet—you would have me become an admirable character first and all things poetic shall be added unto me? Unfortunately not. I am not forgetting the man of a craft. I suppose a thorough rascal might yet be a good stone-mason. That is a craft. So is verse. Frost is a craftsman of verse. But when verse somehow becomes poetry it certainly implies that you are not a rascal; at least, not a thorough one. Frost is a bit of a rascal at that. I think he is a bit of a rascal for being so intensely individual. But it is only that kind of rascality that gives tang to a man's work.

Only where love and need are one,
And the work is play for mortal stakes,
Is the deed ever really done
For Heaven and the future's sakes.

And what does he say in the brevities of "Ten Mills"?

Let chaos storm!
Let cloud shapes swarm!
I wait for form.

At a time of the most extravagant experimentation in verse, that is the craftsman speaking. No, young poet, you must learn the trade and how to use the tools! But brilliant as your performance then may be, behind it must be your own stature. Make no mistake about that! Nor, it has been doubted, is a cubit added merely by taking thought. But don't involve me in metaphysics!

They cannot look out far,
They cannot look in deep.
But when was that ever a bar
To any watch they keep?

When we find a man who can look out far and look in deep, and at the same time express himself clearly, to say that we should be grateful is understatement.

Frost's way of writing sometimes looks so easy; it is only when you examine it closely and note the careful use of every word, which has now become second nature, and the way he has of stating anything with inimitable idiosyncrasy, that despair sets in. There have been some pretty good imitators, but they have not got far.

Why should I tell you what is in this new book? Read it! It is a small book, as books go; it is actually only the sixth book we have had from a man now with so large a reputation. And it is better worth reading than nine-tenths of the books that will come your way this year. In a time when all kinds of insanity are assailing the nations it is good to listen to this quiet humor, even about a hen, a hornet, or Square Matthew. Frost, as woodchuck, has been "instinctively thorough" about his burrow. Perhaps that is all it was from the first. Yet he has not only burrowed deep but sat often at the burrow-mouth to watch the great drift of the constellations. Wise old woodchuck! And if he has not got the whole "United States stated," he has got a good deal of life stated in original analogy and phrase. And if anybody should ask me why I still believe in my land, I have only to put this book in his hand and answer, "Well—here is a man of my country."

Outline

By RIDGELY TORRENCE

THERE was longing on the beach.
There were certain broken words
Mingled, to the end of speech,
With the watersong of birds:

"Wait" and "yes," and he was gone.
Distance waved a fading hem.
Then the shore she stood upon
Faced the years that sundered them.

Back he came, the world-beguiled,
To the sands where youth had clung.
But the shade that waited, smiled
The smiling of the too long young.

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Scenario of a Civilized Mind

ABINGER HARVEST. By E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

I SHOULD say at the beginning that Mr. E. M. Forster is a master of English prose, and that "Abinger Harvest" proves it. It is a pity that "Abinger Harvest" is a collection of essays and not a novel, a biography, or book of popular science; for people are naturally indisposed to read a collection of essays, and yet anyone who misses reading this book will be missing one of the most exquisite pleasures that the contemporary market can afford him. Meanwhile, it is nice to be able to use the phrase "master of English prose" about somebody who is not Dryden or Swift or a Caroline bishop or George Santayana: about somebody who is, in brief, both alive and English.

Its mastery of English prose is not one's only reason for recommending this book. Mr. Forster's essays are a triumph of personality. And they are a triumph over history. In a speech which he made to a congress of highly radical writers in Paris, Mr. Forster confessed himself to be "of an individualistic and liberalizing type." What the writers' response was, has not been recorded; but the words are difficult ones to use today. Their implications are various, vague, and suspect. To be of a liberalizing type implies a belief in freedom. Some men profess a belief in freedom because they want to promote the sale of armaments or automobiles; some men profess it because they are lazy, and some because they lack courage. Some men profess a belief in freedom in a passionate but parti-colored manner—like Mr. Gladstone, who countenanced the bombardment of Alexandria. But very few men passionately believe, as Mr. Forster does, in the freedom of every man to be himself. And even fewer men get away with such a belief today, because it is neither contemporary nor fashionable nor yet useful. It is swimming against the river, and to do that requires something more than perseverance.

Some of us would publicly condemn Mr. Forster for being altogether too impartial, since he is quite unable not to see both sides of a great many questions; and think him very old-fashioned or—as Miss Elizabeth Bowen puts it—"passionately civilized." Present European history has no leisure for good manners of meditation, it is afraid of humor, it is death on wit. Mr. Forster is good mannered, meditative, often humorous, and more often witty. The lamps of civilization are growing dimmer and foggier every year, and Mr. Forster would like to keep them alight, though some of us think that they should be put out for a time. But most of us would agree that when and if they are lit brightly again, and whatever new scene it is that they illumine, people of the liberalizing and individualistic type will be discovered there. They are what makes the soul of man go round. They constantly disappear in history and as constantly reappear. They have lectured tyrants and been burned at the stake, they have supported all the lost causes. The only cause which might possibly be said to be eternal is the lost cause, and whatever dispensation is reserved for the twenty-first century, some place will be found under it for men like Mr. Forster. We do not approve of such men today; we are all for direct action and they are not: we accuse them of laissez-faire because they pursue, even in the face of world ruin, the abstractions of truth and freedom, and because they pursue them with gaiety—which is the worst sin of all. Gentlemen! a cup of hemlock for Mr. Forster. But the ruin is temporary, and the abstractions are permanent.

These essays are divided into five parts —The Present, Books, The Past, The East, The Abinger Pageant. From The Present you will retrieve, among other things, the fact that "I am not a communist, though perhaps I might be one if I was a younger and braver man." "Perhaps" is the keynote here; for he does not and never could approve those varieties of authority which move, like great images, through the souls of "our dictators and our serfs." Instead, he turns his incorrigibly disobedient eyes upon the British masses as they wander past the Doll's House ("The Doll Souse") at Wembley, and seems to turn that structure into a symbol of authority. I think that the symbol is unfair, I know that it is tainted with laissez-faire; but I respect the eyesight.

E. M. FORSTER

Characteristically, the neatest piece of literary criticism will be found, not in the second part where it belongs, but in the fourth part, which is devoted to the East. Here, in an essay entitled "Hickey's Last Party," he touches upon the Memoirs of a genuine inhabitant of the India of Joseph Sedley. Mr. Hickey "had been, on the whole, a Calcutta attorney," and he wrote up his journal without a single thought for morals, posterity, or the growth of the British Empire. This is Mr. Forster's conclusion: "How pleasant it would have been to have met him, and how strange it is to realize that one has often met him and fled from him. For he must be reincarnate today in many a smoking-room, many an over-seas dining club or tenth-rate military mess . . . Is he still writing everything down?" This note persists. In his more serious criticism, Mr. Forster peers through the curtains, or the canons, of art to find the human being behind: it is this which gives a warmth to the brilliance of his analyses.

Ars est celare . . . not art, for no artist can do that, but erudition. The third part, The Past, is an example of erudition artfully concealed. It is also an example of style. It is mostly devoted to the recreation of literary and philosophical characters at odd moments in their lives: Voltaire cuts off the heads of slugs and Gemistheus Pletho hopes to revive the gods of Greece. Perhaps this is the least effective part. The fact that Gibbon was once a captain of militia and Coleridge a trooper of horse does not seem to me particularly important. But what a style! Most of us can, with a great effort, find the right words; Mr. Forster finds the unique word. His digressions run like laughter through his text, they punctuate but do not prevent what he has to say: and he knows exactly what he wants to say.

Readers of "A Passage to India" will know what to expect from the section of essays on the East, though India occupies only a small part of it, and Marmaduke Pickthall and Wilfrid Blunt wander in, and the variety increases the brilliance. But look at the order of the book. It goes from the present to literature, it turns back into Greece, it rests for a moment in the Bhagavad-Gita, and finishes with a pageant of the Surrey trees. Here is the scenario of a civilized mind. But the mind is very English, it is stayed on the woods of Abinger. It is essentially English, it is devoted to order, but cannot be drilled. And, as I began to say, these essays are a triumph of personality, for Mr. Forster is unable to think other people's thoughts or see with other people's eyes; he cannot take himself in.

But this is not quite all. If the lamps of Europe are going out, some particles of the fire which will eventually relight them, under whatever regime, will be found in this book.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

Henry Seidel Canby.....Editor
Noble A. Cathcart.....Publisher
Amy Loveman.....Associate Editor
George Stevens....Managing Editor
William Rose Benét } Contributing
Christopher Morley } Editors

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Announcement

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE makes in this issue the most important announcement of its career. Mr. Canby, founder of the paper and editor since its beginning in 1924, will retire in September to enjoy greater freedom for private research and in particular to work on his definitive biography of Thoreau. We are happy to add, however, that Mr. Canby will continue active and intimate association with the staff and will be a regular contributor to these pages which he has so long supervised.

The new Editor-in-chief, who will take charge in September, will be Bernard DeVoto, who has won a distinguished reputation as critic, teacher, and novelist and whose experience has been wide and enviable.

Mr. DeVoto comes to us after seven years on the faculty of Harvard as tutor and lecturer on English. A native of Ogden, Utah (where he was born in 1897), Mr. DeVoto was graduated from Harvard in 1920 (as of 1918; delayed by service in the army). From 1922 to 1927 he was instructor and assistant professor at Northwestern University. At Harvard he has given courses, noted for vigorous and stimulating vivacity, in composition and in contemporary American literature. He was for two years editor of *The Harvard Graduates' Magazine*. Since last autumn he has conducted the famous "Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine*, which he will continue to occupy. Many of the younger writers have enjoyed Mr. De Voto's informal and forthright colloquies at the summer conferences at Bread Loaf.

As a journalist, Mr. DeVoto has always had the admirable faculty of arousing discussion. His experience of the American scene has been various and keenly observed. His paramount interest has been in American literature and social history: his "Mark Twain's America" (1932) was a vivid, brilliantly documented, and deeply-felt study not only of a great figure too often misunderstood by those whom Walt Whitman called "blanched with intellect" but also of the social frontier which created Mark Twain. As editor of the "Americana Deserta" series, as student of early American humor and of American sects and utopias, as special researcher in pioneer life and frontier society, he has gained an exceptional background in the source material of our national literature. His own fiction—particularly his most recent novel, "We Accept with Pleasure"—has shown him equally alert and intuitive in the more elusive psychology of our present discontents.

Marshall Studio, Cambridge
BERNARD DE VOTO

Readers of *The Saturday Review* will remember many of the articles and critiques written for us by Mr. DeVoto in recent years. We may mention his article on Vilfredo Pareto, "A Primer for Intellectuals," in 1933, two years before the publication of Pareto in America; "Exiles from Reality," on the so-called "lost generation," in 1934; the recent article on Thomas Wolfe, "Genius Is Not Enough;" and his reviews of current books by James Boyd, Ernest Hemingway, and Mari Sandoz. A collection of Mr. DeVoto's magazine articles is to be published in book form this fall.

Mr. DeVoto will bring to *The Saturday Review* a quick and critical mind. His interests and his work have continued to be primarily in imaginative and critical literature, at a time when many of the promising literary men of his generation have turned to politics and economics. Having lived in the West, the Middle-West, and New England, and having traveled extensively through the country on lecture trips, Mr. DeVoto is aware of the regional and national aspects of American life and letters. We hope, under his leadership, to continue and to extend the influence of *The Saturday Review* as a magazine national, not sectional, in interest.

Since we have always spoken in terms of intimacy with our readers, may it be added that *The Saturday Review* congratulates itself and its supporters on this new appointment. It implies no change of policy but a natural and onward progression. *The Review*, established in 1924 by the staff of the preceding *Literary Review* founded by Mr. Canby in 1920, has had, in effect, sixteen years of publishing history. It would not be seemly to insist too positively here that the scope of current American criticism has been honorably broadened and deepened by its efforts. At any rate in its attempt to give fair consideration to whatever seemed of most lasting import (whether native, English, or foreign) the *Review* has sought the service of strong and unprejudiced hands. In releasing its distinguished first editor to a deserved larger leisure, as in conscripting a successor destined for the work by every quality of intuition and talent, we feel that the transition is natural and comfortable. Mr. DeVoto has long been a student of "The Frontier." The Frontier that this magazine faces every week—the frontier of men's thoughts in print—is the most exciting of all.

The Editor:

IT will be a cause for gratification to me personally to hand over to a man so able and forward-looking as Bernard DeVoto, the editorship of *The Saturday Review*. And I am particularly happy that circumstances make it possible for me to continue my association with the *Review* as his colleague and as a constant contributor. My interest and faith in *The*

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Saturday Review go back now sixteen years to its first conception as a newspaper supplement. In those years it has consolidated its principles, developed many of its possibilities, and gained a wide and loyal friendship among readers all over America and abroad. It is time for new blood and a new direction of a continuing enterprise. I have always believed that, in general, no editor should retain control of a magazine for a lengthy term of years, although he may continue to serve it as long as he has anything to contribute. And my chief desire from the beginning has been to establish *The Saturday Review* as an institution, which could be carried on from one generation to the next. Mr. DeVoto has force, a keen intelligence, ideas, and independence, and at the same time his education and his liberality have made him deeply familiar with the stream of American tradition of which *The Saturday Review* in its twelve years of history has been a part. I welcome him to a task for which he is admirably equipped, and bespeak for him the loyalty, the quick reactions both of praise and criticism, and the friendly spirit of readers of the *Review* under my editorship.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

The Editor-Elect:

I TAKE it that the policy of *The Saturday Review* during Mr. Canby's editorship has been to know what it was talking about and to say what it had to say without considering fashion or yielding to the various pressures to which literary opinion is peculiarly subject. Any more rigid statement of policy is unnecessary—since I completely agree with Mr. Canby's conception of the magazine—and foolish as well, since magazines which are self-conscious end by being futile. It is enough that, under Mr. Canby, *The Saturday Review* has had an individuality and an excitement beyond any other literary journal of its time. I believe that it has had an integrity of its own also: at least I have felt freer in its pages than I have sometimes felt elsewhere.

I can only say that I hope to maintain that individuality, excitement, and integrity. I believe that the values of literature are genuine values. I believe that clear thinking is one of the most difficult and most desirable things in the world, and that all absolutes are dangerous. I believe that the free meeting of diverse intelligences is as necessary to literature as to society itself. I believe that literature is so interstitial with the life of its times that all attempts to separate them are folly. Beyond that, I also believe that the present age in American literature is the richest we have ever had—and that America is a nation sufficiently great to abide all the confusion, folly, and despair of these times, and to triumph over them in its own terms and in harmony with its own traditions and institutions.

It may be that this represents a platform. I don't know: but it is as close to one as I can come. I shall try to hold *The Saturday Review* to the standard that Mr. Canby has set for it. I shall try to edit it as a magazine that knows what it is talking about, thinks clearly, avoids fashion and mob thought, and brings to the discussion of literature the best authority and highest intelligence it can find.

BERNARD DEVOTO.

Letters to the Editor: *Feminine Non-Fiction and Feminine Fiction*

Uncut?

SIR:—I should like the privilege of examining your editorial writer's copy of "Wake Up and Live"—to find out if its leaves have been cut.

For how could any one who read beyond the jacket of the book write, "There (in the book) method is everything, object nothing, except that vague term—success"? If your editorial writer had read as far as page sixty-eight he would have found, ". . . Success is the normal aim of man, his proper objective. Energy is correctly used . . . only when it is at the service of the maturest and most comprehensive idea of ourselves that we can arrive at. What this highest idea is will vary from individual to individual, and will expand with growth . . . unless we are totally unimaginative we know, when we see him living responsibly, effectively, usefully, happily, making the most of his advantages and gifts, that we are dealing with a successful man." Or, if he had opened the book to its final page, "Success for any sane adult, is exactly the equivalent to doing his best."

CYRILLY ABELS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Stuff for Males

SIR:—I have a colleague who in addition to being a first rate newspaperman lacks "neither philosophy nor a resistant stomach," is lustily adequate to life and is a top example of "the literate American man." Your "Better and Better" editorial of May 2 (from which the above quotations are taken) suggests that Dorothea Brande's "Wake Up and Live" is stuff for females, but here are two males that found it fine.

THURBER W. CUSHING.

Newark, N. J.

Figures and Facts

SIR:—As publishers of Mrs. Brande's "Wake Up and Live," may we submit two observations concerning your editorial "Better and Better" in your issue of May 2nd?

You make the point that "Wake Up and Live" belongs to that category of books in which "method is everything, object nothing" and attribute "the plight of American reading" to the American woman. Since you have chosen "Wake Up and Live" as an outstanding representative of the type of success book appealing chiefly to women, you may be interested in some figures bearing on this matter that we have in the office. In all copies of "Wake Up and Live" we enclose a prepaid post card on which the reader is invited to express his or her opinion of the book. To date we have received 139 of these cards signed by men who enjoyed the book as compared with 91 signed by women.

The second statement in your editorial that attracted our attention was that "two thirds of the successful books measured by sales published in the last few years" belong in the category in which you place Mrs. Brande's book. This is a difficult category to define, and certainly there is a large body of American writing devoted to self help that stems from Emerson. Yet looking over the best sellers in Monday's *New York Times* and recalling other recent successes, such titles as "The Last Puritan," "It Can't Happen Here," "North to the Orient," "Inside Europe," "Life with Father," "The Way of a Transgressor," "Hell-Bent for Election" stand out. You write "not of what is put in but what is gotten out" of various books. Certainly what is put in to most American best sellers represents a far higher quality than that contained by best sellers twenty years ago; or indeed of any period in American history. And if such good material goes into the books most people read, may we not assume that there is some correspondence between supply and demand?

QUINCY HOWE.

Simon & Schuster, Inc.,
New York City.

Popularity Is Its Own Reward

SIR:—I am moved to communicate with you by the masterly manner in which Margaret Culkin Banning breaks a lance for popularity. Much as I applaud her very sound article I cannot refrain from remarking that it was quite unnecessary, for Mrs. Banning is too good a craftsman and too beloved a writer, to harken to the buzzing of gnats (not that Mrs. Gerould in person is a gnat. She is on the contrary a lady whom I greatly admire.).

Popularity needs no defense. It is, I dare venture, its own excuse. Its rewards are not wholly monetary. I doubt very much if any popular writer is satisfied with his or her output. But does it never occur to our betters that a lot of people

(*Continued on page* 26)

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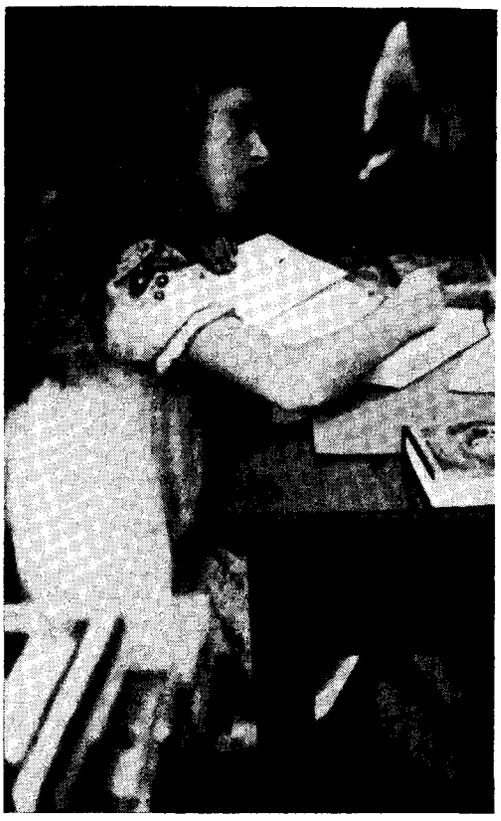
Decoration Days

Saturday Review News Pictures of the Month by Robert Disraeli



Patience Abbé (left), eleven-year-old co-author of "Around the World in Eleven Years," decorates copies of her book with autographs at Lord & Taylor's book department. . . . Walter Edmonds (right, above), whose new novel, "Drums Along the Mohawk," has been chosen by the Book-of-the-Month Club for future release, with his literary agent, Harold Ober. They are looking at samples of the photographer's work in a well known weekly.

Rachel Field, author of "Time Out of Mind," was decorated by the book trade at the annual luncheon of the American Booksellers' Association during their convention on May 11. "Time Out of Mind" received the award of the A.B.A. for "the most distinguished novel of 1935."

The Book and Magazine Guild holds an authors' symposium: Pearl S. Buck, T. S. Stribling, and Josephine Daskam Bacon tell members of the Guild (below) what authors expect of their publishers.

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Built for the Boxes

THE METROPOLITAN OPERA. 1883-1935. By Irving Kolodin. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. $3.75.

Reviewed by PAUL BEKKER

THIS book is an informative, significant, and extensive survey of the history of opera in New York, and, consequently—because of the representative position of New York as a musical centre—of opera in America. The special subject is the Metropolitan opera. Its story is told from the beginning in 1883 up to the present time, with regard to its social, economic, and artistic progress. For this purpose a great many historical details had first to be collected, second to be worked up. The author has solved the first task with admirable diligence and conscientiousness. As for the elaboration, it always offers a dilemma. Is the historian permitted to push his dry material into the background and present to the reader only his interpretation? By this method stimulating books can be produced, books agreeable to read, but of course dependent upon the individuality of the writer and his principles of evaluation. The other method submits the material directly to the reader, so that he may examine it and himself come to a conclusion. This is the less entertaining but more reliable method of the chronicler.

Bain

FARRAR IN "ZAZA"

Mr. Kolodin has adopted a middle course. First he lays before his readers all facts: the commercial negotiations between the directors of the company and the managers, the repertory, the names of the singers and conductors (stage directors are hardly mentioned because of their irrelevance). The most space is claimed by the casts. Thus each period of the Metropolitan's history is described in a special chapter. Then each chapter is concluded by an epilogue, reviewing the main features by means of a cautious, but nevertheless frank criticism.

The story begins with the revolution of 1880, directed against the old Academy of Music at Fourteenth Street and Irving Place. This revolution did not arise from discontent with artistic matters. It was caused only by a shortage of boxes.

> As much as thirty thousand dollars had been offered and refused for a good box, and the new capitalists, relegated to the parquet, had decided, finally, to erect their own opera house with all the boxes which the architect of the Academy had been too short-sighted to provide.

Thus the new house was built "for the boxes." Never should we forget that. The longing for the boxes gave the creative impulse for the Metropolitan, and *in hoc signo vinces* was the invisible inscription, written not above the stage but above the diamond horseshoe.

The description of the diverse periods of the Metropolitan is particularly interesting because it reflects the changes in musical taste. The failure of the experimental first season caused the establishment of opera in German, initiated by Leopold Damrosch and his conductor, Anton Seidl, the first energetic Wagner propagators. The next period was the "golden age of song," centralized about the brothers de Reszke. It embraced the years of Abbey's and Grau's directing, 1891-1903. Formerly all operas had to be sung in German, now "Fidelio" and "Lohengrin" were sung in Italian and the "Meistersinger" was disguised as "I Maestri Cantori." Besides the de Reszkes, Nordica, Sembrich, Calvé, Melba, Lilli Lehmann, Tamaquo, van Roy, van Dyck, and many other great singers were engaged. "Fortunate public, destined to be the envy of future generations." Indeed, fortunate in every respect. Grau "left over six hundred thousand dollars, all of it acquired in his final five years of Metropolitan production."

Next comes the era of Conried with the famous performances of "Parsifal," "Fledermaus," and "Salome." The engagement of Caruso, initiated by Grau, gained for New York a new singer, whose activity was to become the centre of the Metropolitan from 1903 until 1921. This Caruso period includes a great part of Gatti-Casazza's direction, which embraced twenty-seven years, from 1908 to 1935. With Gatti appeared Toscanini. But this coöperation ended in 1915. Suspicious because of retrenchments, Toscanini demanded securities for the artistic qualities of his performances. "He counselled Gatti to join him in retirement, insisting that the Metropolitan would certainly meet their demands if they persisted. But Gatti refused to jeopardize his position and Toscanini retired alone." Thus the great chance to make the Metropolitan in reality the first opera theatre of the world was missed.

CARUSO IN "AIDA"

Instead of Toscanini came Bodanzky, who introduced himself with a song of praise on cuts in operas, especially in Wagner. The war put fatal restrictions on opera in general and on the opera repertory in particular. Some years after the war Caruso died, and then, with the "post-Caruso-seasons" there "began to be apparent the lack of a central artistic authority in the affairs of the Metropolitan."

All these changes and many others are described in minute detail, supplemented by biographical sketches, vistas of social conditions and of the growing American participation with respect to both the singers and the operas. There is one ugly blot on this book, namely Mr. Kolodin's representation of the affair of Rosenstock, who had to serve as a stopgap during a short interregnum in Bodanzky's activity. To all appearances this was an artistic failure; but it was a failure for reasons which had not the least thing to do with artistic matters. This affair is a dark and inglorious page of the Metropolitan's behind-the-scene history. Therefore the historian should feel especially obliged to guard his objectivity, otherwise he repeats and increases the great injustice done to a clever but defenceless musician.

Apart from its actual contents this book on the whole produces a reflective mood. The reader asks himself: where and what is the creative standard of this theatre? There are the boxes, there are the famous singers—famous with or without reason. But neither the boxes nor the singers can produce a standard for an institution of musical art. There is another idea: *ensemble* work, ensemble with regard to both stage and music. This is a conception hitherto wholly unknown in New York. Much willingness, diligence, zeal have been evident from the beginning to the present day. But no standard.

History shows why not: because there never was an authoritative model, only the mutually effective influences between the boxes and the singers. Everything else was graciously admitted, but was given not the least importance. Many and serious experiences may be necessary to change this state of the public mind and to entitle the Metropolitan to be considered the "blue ribbon of the operatic world."

Paul Bekker, biographer of Beethoven and Wagner, and author of "The Changing Opera," is a German critic now living in New York, and writing regularly for the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Notes on Walt

THE annual memorandum about Walt Whitman never came more pleasantly apropos than on this warm morning, looking off into the glades of his own Paumanok. The air, sun-heavy and tree-sweet, is garbled with bird cries. (When a catbird takes up his squawk the thrushes desist their twisted rippling.) Across the open windows wings pass in flight, sudden as thought and alighting as unexpectedly.

If you have read Walt long and patiently, he smokes in the bowl of the mind as savory as an old briar pipe. He has made himself so much our own, by innumerable confidences, that even his *gaffes* are part of the fun. One makes the affectionate semi-humorous allowance that one does for any household eccentric. In *Democratic Vistas* one sees him struggling to express his thought in the same mild but determinate persistence that he wrestled with the hickory sapling by Timber Creek (see *Specimen Days*, Sept. 5, 1877). Though much of the *Vistas* was oddly and lamely said, yet how well worth saying. It always interests me to remember that while he was grieving himself (in the *Vistas* about 1870, in the '72 and '76 prefaces) whether America would ever show any real poetry, Emily Dickinson in Amherst was quietly writing it. He worried himself much because Tennyson's poems kept on referring to knights, lords, chivalry and courtly matters; yet his own poetry was not necessarily "democratic" because he mentioned so many artisans and trottoirs.

I wish we might have had Walt's opinion of Emily Dickinson's poems—none of which were published until soon before his death. I wonder if he could have grasped their quality?

And just as he was at his saddest complaint about our sterility ("America has yet morally and artistically originated nothing," he wrote in *Vistas*) some of the "autochthonous" literature he craved was getting ready for him. At the very moment when he called for "two or three really original American poets (perhaps artists or lecturers) to mount the horizon like planets . . . they would give more compaction and more moral identity to these States than all its Constitutions"—at that very moment Bret Harte and Mark Twain were publishing, Uncle Remus was starting in Atlanta, and Will Porter was going from kilts to trousers. *Moby Dick*, which had been published before *Leaves of Grass*, Walt does not seem to have noticed at all, though one would have thought its huge symbolism much to his taste.

Those who may have thought Whitman only the indiscriminating ballyhooer of American bigness will find plenty of surprises in *Democratic Vistas*. Those meditations, put together during the years soon after the Civil War (and his own dismissal from a government clerkship for having published immoral poems) were in gloomy mood. "Society in these States,"

A GERMAN PORTRAIT

he wrote, "is canker'd, crude, superstitious and rotten. The moral conscience, the vertebrate to State and man seems entirely lacking . . . our New World democracy is, so far, an almost complete failure in its social aspects." No escaped journalist ever turned more savagely on his old profession. "Our current copious fields of print covering the United States as in certain regions of the sea those spreading, undulating masses of squid, through which the whale swimming, with head half out, feeds." And though he admits that he watches with fascination "the proud, crashing, ten-cylinder presses," the bulk of their product is trivial—"to amuse, to titillate, to pass away time. . . . Conversation is a mass of badinage. . . . Everywhere are pervading flippancy and vulgarity—everywhere the youth puny, impudent, foppish, prematurely ripe—everywhere an abnormal libidinousness, unhealthy forms, muddy complexions, the capacity for good motherhood deceasing or deceas'd, shallow notions of beauty, with a range of manners probably the meanest to be seen in the world."

These sour comments may well have annoyed—or amused—the upper crust of 1870; for what indeed, they probably retorted, did Walt know of the higher levels of breeding and manners? But his cry for a nobler race cannot be read without genuine emotion. He speaks of the "little ships" of the spirit that have come down miraculously over oceans of time and loss—"Some of these tiny ships we call Old and New Testament, Homer, Eschylus, Plato, Juvenal, &c. Precious minims! Dante, Angelo, rich Shakspere, and such as German Kant and Hegel. . . . Ye powerful and resplendent ones! On your plane, and no less, must we mete and measure for today and here. I demand races of orbic bards, with unconditional uncompromising sway. Come forth, sweet democratic despots of the west!"

How to "break up the limitless fallows of humankind," to supply "a copious race of superb American men and women, cheerful, religious, ahead of any yet known," and how to get the desirable native philosophs and literatuses, is his earnest inquiry. He confesses himself perplexed, as he well may, but believes that somehow, through the interplay of mass-democracy with revitalized individualism, and through more generous religion, and through the emancipation of Woman, it can somehow be done. He is not much more specific than any political speechmaker, but he has a great hankering for a mysterious quality that he calls *aplomb*. As for the females of 1870, they were evidently in parlous case. We need a new literature, he thought, "to achieve the redemption of woman out of webs of silliness, millinery, and every kind of dyspeptic depletion, and thus insuring to the States a strong and sweet Female Race." And though one may smile at some of the extravagances of his litany, his prophecies of a more generous womanhood are among the clearest foresights of *Democratic Vistas*. I have always supposed that he felt the more free to deplore the stereotyped women of his time because his happiness in New Orleans had been with one of very different temperament, a creole.

But anyhow Walt never minded being smiled at. When he and Peter Doyle sat on Washington doorsteps, eating watermelon, more conventional passers-by

(*Continued on page* 16)

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Artist

"SALKA VALKA is a great book . . . one feels, as in Greek tragedy, as in the greater novels of Hardy, the terror of impending doom. It is much more than a story of Iceland; for its Iceland might be our own coast of Maine."— *Rockwell Kent*

Composer

"SALKA VALKA gave me a true thrill. It has a vein of utter truthfulness, blended with a certain rare and touching sweetness. It is like a lovely folksong."— *Percy Grainger*

Novelist

"SALKA VALKA is a most primitive and vigorous piece of work about a modern young woman who grows from girlhood in a small town by the edge of the sea."— *Frank Swinnerton*

Critic

"SALKA VALKA is the first novel capable of standing alone on its own legs since 'Honey in the Horn.' It is a grand book!"— *Mary C. Roberts in the Washington Star*

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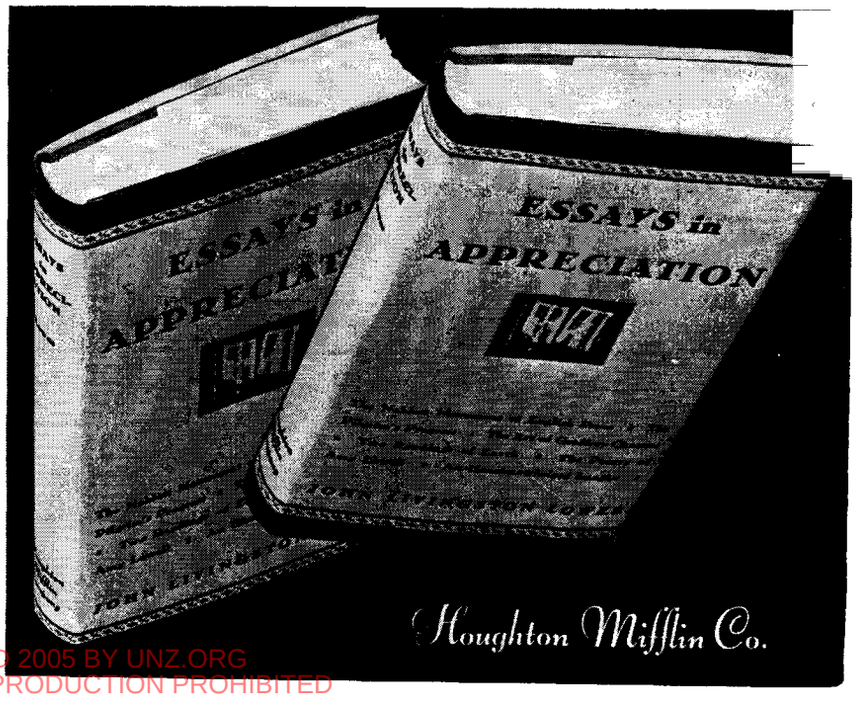

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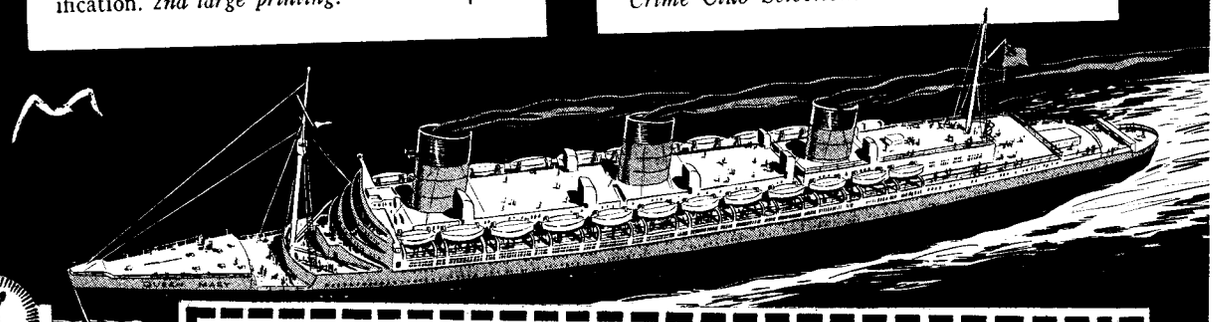

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The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 12)

often stared. "Never mind, Pete," he used to say, "they have the laugh but we have the melon."

There are many notes in *Specimen Days* which reveal Whitman's acuteness of observation. He speaks of a soldier he met one evening in Washington; they walked along the street together. "He was small and not very young, and a tough little fellow, as I judged in the evening light, catching glimpses by the lamps we passed." He tells how he could sit for hours at his lodging-house window studying every detail of the cavalry camp in the vacant lot opposite. There is even a touch of humor occasionally, as when the rumor was that the Union forces would have to retreat from Culpepper. "But I cast my eyes at the mud, which was then at its deepest and palmiest condition, and retired composedly to rest."

When, after the paralytic stroke, he fought for health in the woods at Timber Creek, the dark mood of *Democratic Vistas* left him. Now he had his feet on the elemental "Personalism" which had been, before, something to write about. The jotted descriptions of trees, sky, birds, and his own sense of rapport with earth, are as good outdoor reading as one ever finds. We see him hobbling about the grove, bathing in his marl-pit, moving his camp-chair from shade to sunlight, walking the open fields like an old Socrates, sitting on a stump to jot his notes, brooding among the clumps of mullein. In these surroundings, not tormenting his mind to plan the future of American destiny, he reached deep and sure into peace. How delightful when he confesses, in a sudden loneliness, that he is not quite sure whether he is happy or not—"so let me give myself the benefit of the doubt." And then, under that sky of bright October, he says one of his great things: "Hast Thou, pellucid, in Thy azure depths, medicine for case like mine?"

There is simple pathos in his particularity about the little gifts which were all he could bring to the wounded men in the hospitals. He describes them: the stamped envelopes, the petty cash (which he raised from contributors up North), the horehound candy, oranges, tobacco, horseradish, blackberry syrup, tea. He reads the Bible to the men and expounds doctrine ("I think I see my friends smiling at this confession, but I was never more in earnest in my life"). He plays with them "an amusing game called Twenty Questions," and writes their letters. And not least significant is his note: "My habit was to prepare for starting out on one of those daily or nightly tours, by fortifying myself with previous rest, the bath, clean clothes, a good meal, and as cheerful an appearance as possible."

To those who are willing to read him with patience he comes again as he did to the wounded in the hospitals of the war. Among the fevers, confusions and despairs of modern living he comes not only with his horseradish, horehound and tobacco, but with the greater gift of his enormous manliness, his sanity and hope. He has "a horror of ceaseless talkers or smart people, and of being questioned." (A line he himself wrote into Dr. Bucke's biography.) But when we get to know him we don't ask him too many questions. We enjoy him as he is; and often find that he has medicine for case like ours.

One of Walt's characteristics—perhaps a valuable one to any writer as long as it remains innocently unconscious—was his naif superlativism, his assured certainty that what happened to him or was seen by him was the greatest, most important, most significant anywhere. The actors and singers at the old Park and Bowery theatres were "as mighty mimes as ever trod the stage." The two old ladies he saw in Washington handing out bread and coffee to the troops retreating from Bull Run were "the first in the city for culture and charm." An American crowd "has the finest voices in the world." The mountains of Colorado "emanate a beauty, terror, power, more than Dante or Angelo ever knew." [All he means, really, is "than Walt ever knew."] The train that took him across the Plains had "a first-class locomotive." Pfaff, the old Broadway restaurateur, was "the best selecter of champagne in America." Then when he saw the cliffs of the Saguenay, the Rockies dropped out of sight. Of Capes Eternity and Trinity, "I doubt if any crack points, or hills, or historic places of note, or anything of the kind elsewhere in the world, outvies these objects."

It's great fun to go through *Specimen Days* ticking off these harmless hyperboles. Walt, after all, was not a far traveler. Once down the Mississippi to New Orleans, once out to the Rockies, once up to Ontario, were his longest ranges. He reported geography from a Long Island or New Jersey point of view. And how much more meat we find in his descriptions of Timber Creek (near Camden) than in his most bravura passages about distant scenes.

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Sky, sky
On high
O gentle majesty!
Come all ye happy birds and follow, follow
Under the slender, interlacing boughs,
Blackbird, thrush, and swallow!
No longer in the sunlight sit and drouse, . . .
No longer be ye mute, arouse, arouse!

Colby and Criticism

(*Continued from page* 4)

ciple that does not even tell whether it *is* a book. "If a man's work leaves him with no more bowels than a logarithm," he declared in 1904, "it is likely he was not very well endowed at the start." For literary purposes, he felt that it was usually wiser to classify men by their noses than by their great central ideas.

> A young literary student, rushing bravely along a well-worn path, has referred in a learned essay to the great antiquity of new ideas, quoting, of course, the proverb about the lack of novelty under the sun and citing, like all the rest, his modern instances . . . Nietzsche's philosophy came straight from oriental antiquity via Aristotle and Carlyle, and Poe's "Raven" was written twenty centuries ago by Kia Yi, the Chinaman, and Ruskin spoke up for the manual arts because St. Paul was a tentmaker. Every respectable thought, like every valuable trotting horse, has its pedigree. And yet readers still persist in looking for novelty, and writers are apparently able to supply it. Why is this? asked the studious writer, the veins of his young brow standing out like whipcords. . . . Now the ins and outs of this matter do not concern us every-day people at all. It is essentially the collegiate view of literature, and springs from the necessity of saying to young men the sort of *things that they could pass an examination* in. Passing an examination in the pedigree of the central thoughts of great authors seems a hideous thing to most of us alumni. . . .

But today it has become much more than just a matter of the right instruments being in the wrong hands. For the past twenty-five years literary criticism has been trying frantically to keep up with the discoveries of psychology and science. The critics have been told, often on the highest authority, that in order to do full, intelligent, understanding justice to the representative literary works of our time they must soak themselves in the studies of Freud, Watson, Pavlov, Planck, and Judge Ben Lindsey. To funk the most intense study of abnormal psychology amounted to cutting off oneself from the cultural heritage of the present era; and further, to ignore these findings was tantamount to disqualification for the practice of literary criticism. Fortunately, there are signs that these rigorous demands are being somewhat relaxed. The case for the speedy return of literary criticism to a position on higher ground was aptly stated by Frank Moore Colby many years ago (1904):

> Taine chased theories of development and betrayed the scientific motive in many ways. Yet his writings bore on them the distinctive marks of an individual mind. He had enthusiasm, prejudices, and other human flaws. He caught the spirit of what he wrote about, and he was ten times as literary as he was biological. So he wrote literary criticism. You need not be an expert in structure, descent, and hybridization

(*Continued on page* 18)

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Scholar

In 1894 General Smuts, then a student at Cambridge, wrote a book on Walt Whitman in which he expressed the theory of psychoanalysis and defined the unity of the Unconscious with the Conscious. If Whitman had not been out of date in England at that particular time, the book would doubtless have been accepted for publication and Smuts's entire career might have been changed. "*A fascinating biography showing . . . what one man of exceptional intellect, courage, resource and capacity for action can do to mold towards nobler ends the history of his time.*"—*The Spectator* (*London*).

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Colby and Criticism

(*Continued from page* 16)

to be a judge of books any more than you need to be an anthropologist to be a judge of human nature.

There was another breed of critic stemming, incidentally, from Taine, and prevalent in Colby's time as well as ours, who frequently missed the point, too—the sociological critic.

> One of the first things a critic learns from the manuals of American literature, is to explain the sleepy state of our drama and letters by their youth. Such a young country, and with manners so unformed, such vulgar rich people, such unstable lower classes, how can you expect a work of art? We have dull books because life is empty, and if now and then a fairly good one appears, it is thrown away on so crude a subject. Wait till we cease to be common, till we get a "background" with some ivy growing on it, till the rich are picturesque, and society is stratified and the poor are in costume and know their place—then it may be worth while for a genius to begin.

The above was written in 1910, when American confidence in its literary self-sufficiency was at low ebb. That oldest of American traditions, our youth, and that oldest of literary alibis, an unfavorable, if not actively hostile, *milieu*, have been so unceasingly brought to our attention that even men who should know better take them for granted. Critics like Van Wyck Brooks and Lewis Mumford have made brilliantly suggestive contributions to American literary history; but much of what they have written will suffer the fate of all analyses based upon philosophic abstractions and only partially true generalizations. In order that the balance may be righted, an "Ordeal of Mark Twain" will always call forth a "Mark Twain's America." It is more reasonable to believe that America's long-assumed backwardness in literary endeavor can be attributed to the pampering effect of criticism that most consolingly refers "every artistic failure to time, place, subject, social conditions, to anything under the sun but the quality of the writer's mind."

No one, not even Dr. Johnson, hated cant more intensely than Frank Moore Colby. He had no illusions about the ultimate perfectibility of man. Deadly serious talk about cultural "wholes" and our literary and artistic "coming of age" left him unimpressed. All in all, he restrained himself without much difficulty; but when it became the critical fashion to feel sorry for American poets, novelists, and humorists because they chanced to be born in a country that has always cared more for the material things of this world than for poetry like Ezra Pound's later work, he broke out:

> I do not know whether a poet, like a sugar beet, requires a soil with peculiar properties; and, in regard to the poet, I do not know what the peculiar properties ought to be. Zoning of verse, comparative literary crop statistics, mean annual density of ideas, ratio of true poetry to square miles and population within a given period, are all outside my limitations. The theory that bone-dust fertilizers are the things for poets does not always seem to work, even when the bone-dust is that of the Crusaders, and I have read lyrics from cathedral towns which, though infinitely more decorous than the brass band of my native village, were equally remote from literature. Still there may be something in it. But I do know, even better than I wish I did, two generations of writers on them, who have been saying, with hardly any deviation in their phrases, that this is the land where poets cannot grow; and I know them for the persons who, if by chance a poet should grow in defiance of their theory, could not tell him from a sugar beet. . . .

And many of our popular novelists, "retroactively" claimed for literature by the sociological wing of American criticism, do not, said Colby, pass from a high plane to a low one. Neither are they usually corrupted by a materialistic environment, nor are they shaken from noble prentice resolves by the general reading public's neglect. The popular novelist merely has "a representative nature."

> I have seen in his morning's mail after a new novel letters from an ex-President, two senators, two relatives of the Vanderbilt family, five elevator boys, two out of the forty immortals in our National Academy, and one brakeman on the Elevated Railway. And in achieving this he had never swerved a hair's breadth from the path of his literary inclinations. His mind spontaneously contains the very thoughts that would have been elected to it, had the people voted on its contents.

Which, it would seem, gets us fairly close to the truth of what actually happens to novelists that are continually being frustrated by the vulgarity of American life.

Regarding the occupational diseases of literary criticism, no one has ever written about them with more frankness and humorous dispatch than Frank Moore Colby. Knowing originality for what it almost always turns out to be, he had very little to say about reviewing that had not already been said, and will of course continue to be said, thousands of times. His strictures are extraordinarily readable and re-readable because of their compactness, wit, and scourging accuracy. For instance:

> If . . . a man in private life had for one day a puree of beans, and the next day haricots verts, and then in daily succession bean soup, bean salad, butter beans, lima, black, navy, Boston baked, and kidney beans, and then back to puree and all over again, he would not be in the relation of the general eater to food or in the relation of the general reader to books. But he would be in the relation of the general reviewer toward novels. He would soon perceive that the relation was neither normal nor desirable, and he would take measures, violent if need be, to change it. He would not say of the haricots verts when they came around again that they were quite in the vein of the "Vie de Bohème" but ever fresh and free, and he would not say on his navy bean day that they were as brisk and stirring little beans of the sea as he could recall in his recent eating. He would say grimly, Beans again, and he would take prompt steps to intermit this abominable precession of bean dishes, however diversely they were contrived. (1921)

If his statement to the effect that critics should not allow themselves to think of literature at all when reading most writers were taken a little more literally, what would happen to our better reviews? The amazing technical pretentiousness of critical talk, and the base subservience to anything lucky enough to be accorded the sure-fire sanctuary of cloth, were once impaled by Colby in a passage that, in good time, will come to be recognized as the classic pronouncement on the subject:

> I do not see why they [reviewers of fiction] should be blamed for not applying to their contemporaries a scale based on the permanent values of literature. They are not engaged in an occupation that admits of such a thing. No one in their situation could judge fairly his contemporaries, even if it be assumed that contemporaries can ever be fairly judged. They are wedged in so tight with contemporary minds that they cannot even get a square look at them. But they persist in employing words that imply a permanent value in some merely momentary thing and they mislead a general reader, who, as he is not devouring current fiction in such quantities as they are, has more space in his thoughts for perspective. Hence they always seem in any proportionate view of the thing profuse and niggardly by turns—arms out today to a Mr. Merrick or a Mr. Walpole, backs turned tomorrow on some poor American, just as good as they, who is naturally thinking, How about me? They are to blame rather for misusing the words of literary criticism. In the circumstances they should not be used at all. It is a journalistic subject and requires a journalistic treatment, but there is such a fidgetting with literary terms that somehow they always mislead you. . . . Yet reviewers who never speak of the appearance of last month's magazines with any literary emotion, will report almost any novel as a literary event, or condemn it because it is not one. It seems as if they might avoid extremes in the one case as well as in the other. Surely this situation has lasted long enough for familiarity to supervene. If I saw a man while reading the London *Spectator* fall from his chair in a fit of laughter, if I saw some elderly gentleman throw the *Atlantic Monthly* up in the air with shouts of joy, I should suppose of course that each of them was out of his mind. . . . (1921)

By paying a little attention to the observations of Frank Moore Colby, American criticism of the moment might acquire a working modicum of honesty, integrity, and self-respect; it has nothing to lose but its muddlement, its hifalutin pedantry, and its tiresome irrelevance.

John Abbot Clark is a member of the department of English of Michigan State College.

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(—in N. Y. Herald Tribune)

Ralph Thompson says:

"One of the most appealing collections of short stories I have ever read . . . powerful, gentle and original. A lot of water will go over the dam before Kentucky, or any other state, develops another writer with the art that is this 28-year-old-farmer-poet-school teacher's."
(—in N. Y. Times)

William Rose Benét says:

"Whether wildly humorous as in 'Governor of Kentucky,' or grim and even macabre, these are stories worth reading; all written ruggedly and honestly, racy of the soil and the local folk-ways. Mr. Stuart has fresh and vital American material to present, and he knows his own people thoroughly."
(—in the Saturday Review)

HEAD O' W-HOLLOW

Time Magazine says:

"A few critics sat up, called him a modern Bobby Burns. Others just laughed. Last week Poet Stuart made the scoffers scratch their heads over a book of stories that were partly funny, partly serious, in the main tantalizingly good . . . written in racy Kentucky dialect, with a wild-eyed, straightforward outrageousness that reminded readers more than once of Erskine Caldwell, at times of the ingenious slyness of Chekhov."

The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser says:

"While HEAD O' W-HOLLOW may be compared with STARS FELL ON ALABAMA and LOOK AWAY as to general theme and treatment, Stuart's book is more sincere, more profoundly moving, and bespeaks a better knowledge of the people about whom it is written. It is a distinct contribution to folk lore of the South. Its individualism stands alone, comparable only to the actual life and labors of the mountain people."

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "MAN WITH A BULL-TONGUE PLOW," ETC.

By JESSE STEWART - DUTTON, $3

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Report from Central Europe

EUROPE UNDER THE TERROR. By John L. Spivak. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by
PRINCE HUBERTUS LOEWENSTEIN

MR. SPIVAK'S book is a presentation of current conditions in Italy, Germany, Poland, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. Why he groups these states together is not very clear, since Mr. Spivak only uses "terror" to describe the governments of the states mentioned, and does not take into account the pressure of external terrorism to which certain European states are subject. Thus the deplorable economic conditions Mr. Spivak purports to have observed in Czechoslovakia, are the direct result of the standing threat to that country's borders represented by the Polish and German dictatorships. For it is scarcely fitting to blame a country in the throes of defending its democratic liberties for the economic and social hardships its enforced militarization may inflict upon its citizens.

Barring this chapter, in which Mr. Spivak lumps the only democratic state of Central Europe together with the dictatorships surrounding it, Mr. Spivak has, on the whole, done a meritorious piece of work. I say meritorious, because Mr. Spivak has succeeded in compiling the newspaper reports and personal observations of greatest interest to the American reader.

No one who has not had personal experience of dictatorships can form an adequate conception of what life in a totalitarian state means, and how minutely each public measure affects the lives of individuals—no freedom of press or speech, arbitrary justice, an all-embracing spy-system, the total elimination of the individual. It was perhaps to point this the more strikingly that Mr. Spivak has chosen the medium of dialogue between proponents and opponents of fascism. Yet the wisdom of this method is bound to be open to question, because of the very danger of using the misery of millions, the death of thousands, and the imprisonment of hundreds of thousands to make a thriller. As a result many who seek unbiased information may regard even the most widely accepted basic facts of Mr. Spivak's exposé with suspicion. The book would thus indirectly serve the purposes of terroristic governments, an end Mr. Spivak would undoubtedly deplore.

Such scenes as the following abound in the book: the author, presented to a high fascist dignitary, questions him in regard to strikes in Italy.

"We have no strikes," the official tells him; "strikes are forbidden in Italy."

Whereupon the author proceeds to quote statistics of strikes, lockouts, sentences against workers, and wage cuts to the slowly paling fascist. The conversation over, the author hies him to still another fascist office, where a similar scene is enacted. Once again the fascist "pales," while the unbiased reader is at a loss whether to wonder at the courage of the interviewer (an American passport, after all, is something of a protection), or at the sloppy organization of fascism. The fact is that our reporter would never have been admitted to his second interview, as information about him would have been transmitted long before the first was over; or, had he been received, we may safely assume that the officials would have been prepared to answer all his questions.

Then, too, there is Germany. As far as statistics are concerned, Mr. Spivak's data are correct: Over 100,000 political prisoners, innumerable murders, growing misery, lower wages, the greatest political racket in history—in short a nice compendium of Nazi achievements. That there is an underground movement is likewise undeniable; only it nowise resembles Mr. Spivak's description. To begin with, a communist leader gives the interlocutor the address of a night resort in Hamburg, where communists may be observed in the manner of fabled creatures whose wild life is of interest to every student. Furthermore, to point the advanced stage of the disintegration of the Hitler regime the more unmistakably, the communist is made to enter attired in an SA uniform, accompanied by a blonde, who acts as a lookout while revolutionary matters are being discussed.

Such a scene may have a place in a film twenty years hence; it certainly has none in a current volume. Any book written at this time must present facts whose genuineness is above doubt.

More examples of the same tendency toward unwarrantable conclusions: the author concurs in the claim that the social democratic movement against Hitler is practically devoid of political significance; only the "elders" are said to belong to it, the rank and file of youth having gone over in a body to the communists. Aside from the fact that this happens to be outright Hitler propaganda—"if we go the communists will follow"—it simply isn't true. Can it be that Mr. Spivak, who purports to have such an intimate knowledge of Germany under the terror, has never heard of the political mass trials in which communists are everywhere in the minority? At the moment there are trials in progress against 628 workers in the Ruhr, almost 1000 in Westphalia, 400 in Berlin, and 300 in Dresden, in which the majority of the accused have been members of the social democratic organizations such as trade unions, social democratic sport clubs, and party youth groups. A striking feature of these trials, moreover, is the high percentage of Catholic workers and white collar men among the accused.

To consider still another aspect of the situation, how does it happen that Mr. Spivak has nothing to say about the suppression of Christianity? Have not all the Catholic and Protestant organizations, the Christian press, and confessional schools been suppressed at the same time as the communist party? Why is there no word of the mass murder of Catholic leaders on the thirtieth of June, and the subsequent arrest of Catholic and Protestant clergymen? Nor is Mr. Spivak any more specific about the heroic fight men like Cardinal Faulhaber, Bishop Count Gahlen, Pastors Niemoeller and Jacobi, and other nameless thousands are waging against Hitlerism.

The answer is self-evident: Mr. Spivak's silence serves to permit him to conclude that the Communist Party, and the Communist Party alone, suppressed, struggling, marches on, the victor of tomorrow.

The same shortcomings are also manifest in the chapter about Austria. The author discusses the murder of socialistic workers in February, 1934, but omits to mention Cardinal Archbishop Innitzer of Vienna, who did all in his power to stop the deluge of blood, and saved the lives of over 500 workers after the massacre. It is Cardinal Innitzer, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Salzburg, Primate of Germany, who today are the staunchest defenders of popular rights in Austria. To overlook this is, to say the least, careless.

After the events of February, 1934, one Catholic clergyman openly declared that "Austrian labor has saved the honor of the German nation." Mr. Spivak need not be expected to be familiar with this statement. What he should know, however, is that it reflects the opinion of a very considerable portion of the Catholic camp.

Clearly the reason no chapter about Russia is included in this book of "Europe Under the Terror" is that the author would be unwilling to designate anything occurring in that country as terroristic.

To sum up the book as a whole, the facts it presents are genuine, though the manner of presentation lays them open to attack; what it omits to say, moreover, considerably diminishes the value of the whole.

Prince Hubertus Loewenstein of Bavaria has been engaged in organized resistance to the Nazi government, especially in Austria, since his departure from Germany some years ago.

Wood Engraving

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF WOODCUT, WITH A DETAILED SURVEY OF WORK DONE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By Arthur M. Hind. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. $25.

THESE two quartos of very handsome English make offer pretty much everything that the special student or the collector needs to know about technical processes and the beginnings of the woodcut. Indeed the collector who adds this new work to Mr. Hind's former "History of Engraving" has the solid beginnings of a working library. The numerous vexed points concerning the early history of the woodcut are considered with patient fulness and caution. We have to do with a richly factual book, in which an author who is eminently qualified to maintain opinions on the whole modestly withholds them. For actual consultation and research it is hard to imagine a better made or more convenient manual. Every print room and print dealer must have it, while the mere student of the earliest woodcuts, if he cannot buy it, must beg, borrow, or steal it.

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Labor and the Law

ADMINISTRATIVE LABOR LEGISLATION. By John B. Andrews. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLTON OGBURN

HOW labor legislation in its extensive modern development necessarily utilizes the field of administrative law, a field rapidly growing in importance, is explained in this volume by Dr. Andrews, for twenty-five years secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation.

Administrative law is the outgrowth of delegated legislation—the delegation by the legislature to boards and commissions of the rule-making authority—often tantamount to law-making power. Without this ability to delegate authority the Federal government and most State governments could not function.

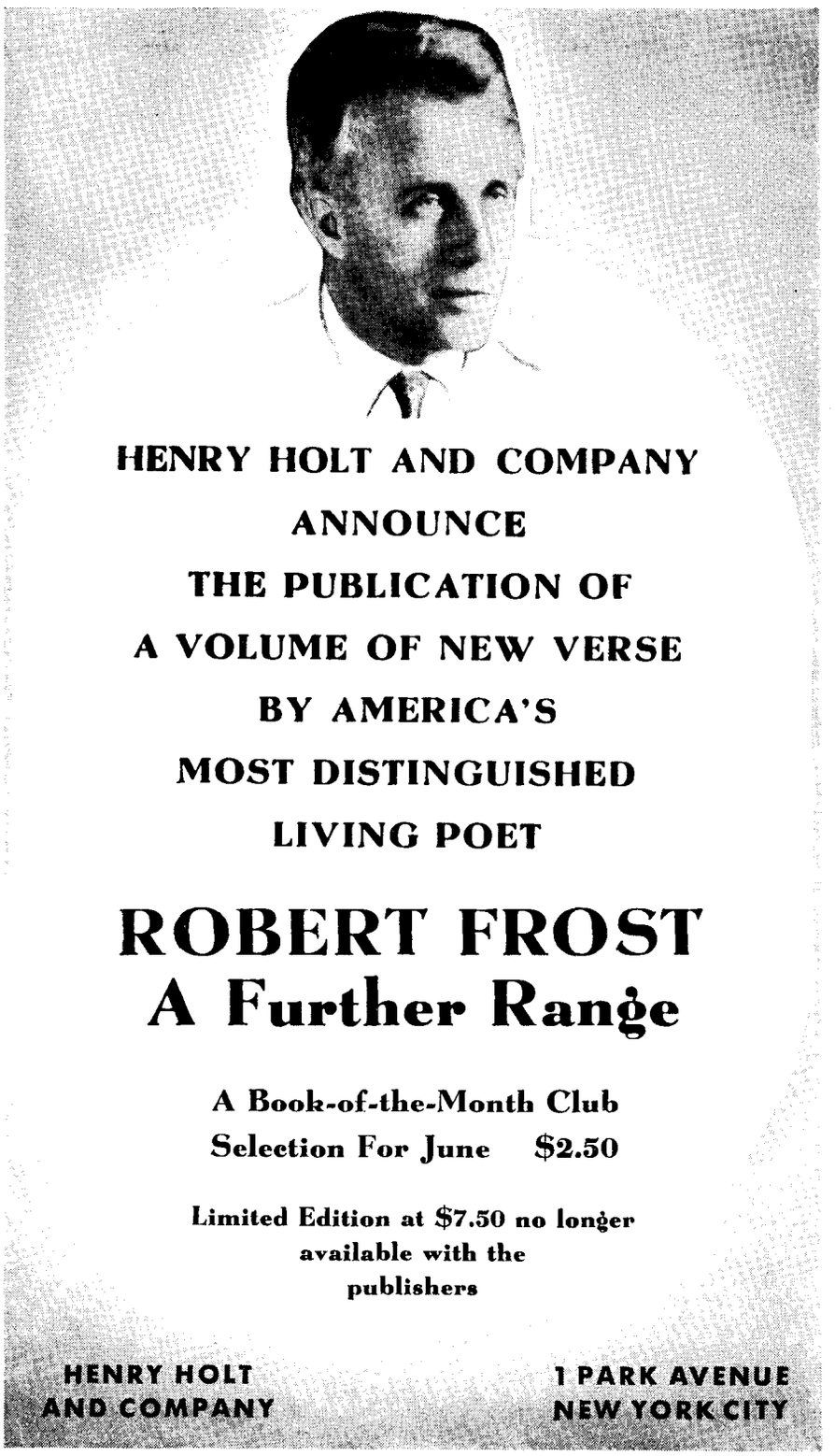
The power of Congress to delegate its power to commissions, in fields other than labor, has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States in sustaining the authority of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, and the Federal Communications Commission. But when the National Industrial Recovery Act came before it, the Supreme Court in two cases dealing with different sections of the Act, the "hot oil" case and the Schechter poultry case, held that the delegation of power in the Act by Congress to the President was unconstitutional. But the Court made it clear in both cases that it was the failure of Congress to set up standards which made this delegation of power unconstitutional. Dr. Andrews lays the blame partly to the emergency nature of the N. R. A. A more carefully and adroitly prepared N. R. A., setting up standards to guide the President, might well have been upheld by the Supreme Court, if we read the Schechter decision correctly.

The main topic of this book, however, is limited to a consideration of the delegation of rule-making power by the legislatures of thirty States to their labor departments. The most notable example of administrative labor legislation, the National Labor Relations Act, adopted July 5, 1935, is not even mentioned in this book—a strange oversight. Nor is the National Labor Relations Board, the most important labor administrative body in America, referred to. "Administrative Labor Legislation" also omits all reference to the Federal Railway Labor Act, 1926, one of the most important examples of the delegation of legislative power in labor matters, sustained by the Supreme Court in a unanimous opinion in 1930. The only permanent Federal administrative bodies named by the author, authorized to exercise rule-making functions in the labor field, are the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Steamboat Inspection Service, created to protect the public rather than employees.

The first broad delegation of administrative labor legislation was the Wisconsin Industrial Commission Act of 1911, drafted by Professor John R. Commons of the University of Wisconsin. Most of the development of administrative labor relations is in the field of industrial safety and hygiene. Dr. Andrews itemizes and to some extent analyzes the codes, rules, and orders which have been issued by the State labor departments of thirty States. Some States have gone beyond mere questions of safety and hygiene. By 1935 there were sixteen States with minimum wage laws for women. (The constitutionality of these minimum wage laws will have to be passed on by the Supreme Court of the United States, and that court has recently consented to hear the appeal from the decision of the Court of Appeals of New York, rendered since the publication of this book, holding unconstitutional the New York Minimum Wage Law for Women.) Seven States have women's and children's laws in which the power to regulate hours is granted to a commission.

Dr. Andrews comes to the conclusion, and it seems to me correctly, that the validity of properly drafted administrative labor legislation is today almost beyond question.

Charlton Ogburn is General Counsel to the American Federation of Labor.



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The New Books

Biography

ELIZABETH, EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA. By Count Egon Corti. Translated by Catherine Alison Phillips. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1936. $4.

Count Egon Corti earned high praise for his books dealing with the Rothschilds and with Maximilian Emperor of Mexico, but there can be no doubt that this life of Elizabeth is his masterpiece. The biography was an extraordinary success in the German speaking countries where about 50,000 copies were sold. In the excellent translation by Catherine Alison Phillips, it is as readable in the American edition as in the German one, more so, indeed, because the footnotes in the original are here absent.

Count Corti's book is based primarily on unprinted sources of the highest value. Thanks to his connections, he was allowed to make use of such material as the correspondence between Emperor Francis Joseph and Elizabeth, a correspondence in which the monarch appears in much more charming guise than the world would have expected from his proverbial coolness and correctness; of the diaries of the Empress's most beloved daughter Valerie, and those of her close friend Countess Festetics who, as Heinrich Friedjung once asserted, knew more about Austria's modern history than the whole Vienna Academy of Sciences did. The biography thus supplements Joseph Redlich's remarkable work on Francis Joseph, also available in an English translation.

F. E. H.

Fiction

THIRD ACT IN VENICE. By Sylvia Thompson. Little, Brown. 1936. $2.50.

In this new novel, Miss Thompson attacks again the problem of sacred and profane love. Her hero, Sir Francis Radnor, has renounced "standards" for "contrasts." Shortly after we meet him he inherits enough of a fortune to permit him to become a publisher without, however, changing his admittedly vulgarian "needs." He is now in a position to marry and he soon falls truly in love with the "essentially simple" but aristocratic Adria Leigh, before whose almost too specious charm all men succumb. But Josephine, the transplanted French peasant manicurist, is still very much on the scene, and he continues to be drawn to her irresistibly—only, however, when he is in the grip of a mental conflict. Of how Adria learns of the situation, and meets it, and of the melodramatic outcome, it is scarcely fair to relate here.

The story moves from the Riviera to London, and at last to Venice. Perhaps the background helps to give it a Hollywoodish atmosphere, an effect which is intensified by the fact that for the most part the characters are more "types" than living beings. Sir Francis, when first seen by Josephine seemed to her "like an American actor in the cinema," and to this reviewer he seemed exactly that throughout the book. Despite her modern discussions of love and "eroticism," Adria remains an unsubstantial creature with an enigmatic smile, and even the stocky Josephine is too consistently unpleasant to convince us that she could have held Francis even in his most vulgar moments. The depressing young Pleasure Seekers, who, cocktail in hand, flit in and out the picture, are first cousins to Rebecca West's group in "The Thinking Reed," so perhaps we must accept their English reality.

M. S. U.

RED NECK. By McAlister Coleman and Stephen Raushenbush. Smith & Haas. 1936. $2.

The important thing about this novel is that it is packed full with source material on the battle of the mines—unions versus operators—the hardest fought battle on the labor front. Out of their first-hand knowledge Messrs. Coleman and Raushenbush give us a picture of the long, running fight, catch as catch can with no holds barred and the odds against the miners, a series of small gains and great losses, spurts of courage and despair, violence on both sides and on both sides corruption. Perhaps the most unusual feature of the book is its apparently frank account of the corroding weakness in labor's highest councils, of sell-outs by the arm-chair organizers. Even Dave Houston, whose career as labor leader forms the core of the story, ends by yielding to pressure from above, crying out to a radical local that wants to carry on the fight: "A fighting union? I know what that means. The people you'll be fighting will be the cops and the coal and iron and the State police and the Government itself—You got to get out of our union."

This closing note of defeatism seems to characterize the book. It is clear that the collaborators' sympathies are with the cause of organized labor. It is not at all clear that they see any hope for that cause. They have not been able to present any one character who can stand against what seems to them the irresistible force of organized capital, and even those victories their story grants to labor turn out (as in the murder trial) to have been won by deception or coercion, and to be short-lived. This atmosphere of despair may be a reflection of the authors' pessimism, but more likely it is due to their having centered their whole case for labor upon the character of Houston, who is vacillating, emotional, far from profound, and himself uncertain of his aims. He is no effective symbol of labor's cause, and the novel suffers by it. It suffers further from its journalistic style, its hurried compression of material that would have enriched the story.

N. L. R.

A HOUSE IN VIENNA. By Marianne Philips. Translated from the Dutch by Irene Clephane and David Hallett. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $2.

To call this slender volume of prose a novel is to stretch a point. It is hardly more than the etching for a book, the theme for a novel, a prose *pasticcio*. We are in Vienna, and in the Luftbadgasse, where still stands the baroque house of the Hodls. It is a day in 1933, in fact the Golden Wedding anniversary of Johannes

(*Continued on page* 24)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
PLUNDERED RANGE *Will Ermine* (Morrow: $2.)	Western	Crocker, ornery gent and foreman of the Diamond Bar, made life for handsome Race a divan of cacti. But with the lovely Fox (that's the gal, pards) by his side the debil loses.	Ride 'em cowboy
THE SONG OF THE WHIP *Evan Evans* (Harper: $2.)	Western	Montana (Mexican moniker: El Keed) rides, steals, shoots, sings, and plays the Y. M. C. A. boy with a brace of Rancho Rosies. We forget why.	Frijole
GUNSMOKE HACIENDA *Grant Taylor* (Lippincott: $2.)	Western	"A short version of this novel appeared serially in *Ranch Romances*," says the jacket. In its present form the cowboy still saves the horses from the bandits and still gets the girl.	Familiar
GALLANT: The Story of Storm Veblen *Ruth Sawyer* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Novel	Small town newsgal ups to the big-time rags and makes Dana, Bennett, Greeley look like chumps. Two-timed by Cupid, gal retreats homeward and there finds—what?	Boiler plate
PRIVATE DUTY *Faith Baldwin* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Novel	When Carolyn went into the nursing racket she found her gorgeous self hip-deep in diseases, one of which is called Love. And, gracious, she doesn't marry an M.D.	The Needle!

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By H. G. Wells. *Macmillan.*

THE GEORGIAN SCENE. Frank Swinnerton. *Farrar & Rinehart.*

HOLY DEADLOCK. A. P. Herbert. *Doubleday, Doran.*

Welsh Life in Fiction

O. T. G. of New York City *asks for the names of any contemporary novels, or any of the last fifty years, dealing with Welsh life in Wales or in American Welsh settlements.*

THERE seems to be a curse on novels depicting Wales, for one after the other of those that have been published in recent years is out of print. It's only when you come to the classics, like HUMPHRY CLINKER, THE TALISMAN, THE BETROTHED, Watts-Dunton's AYLWIN and Kingsley's TWO YEARS AGO (if these last can be considered classics) that the tales of Wales are easily accessible. Almost the only one of the fairly recent grist of Welsh fiction that I find still on the live list is Caradoc Evans's NOTHING TO PAY (Norton), a grim and sordid picture of a miser's life. Mr. Evans's earlier works, MY PEOPLE and CAPEL SION, are no longer in Duffield's catalogue. Out of print, too, are all the following which once had currency of a sort: "Allen Raine's" TORN SAILS, BERWEN BANKS, and A WELSH SINGER (London: Hutchinson), idyllic pictures of village life; Joseph Keating's SON OF JUDITH (London: Allen), a melodramatic tale of the Welsh mining valleys; Ellis Lloyd's SCARLET NEST (Hodder & Stoughton), also a portrayal of the mining regions; Gwendolyn Pryce's JOHN JONES, CURATE (London: Unwin), depicting country life; and William Edwards Tirebuck's SWEETHEART GWEN (Longmans, Green), a Welsh idyl. There's a recent book which may interest O. T. G., though it is not a novel, Eiluned Lewis's DEW ON THE GRASS (Macmillan), reminiscences of the childhood of four youngsters in Wales. It is somewhat sentimental but has a contagious wistfulness for the past.

Good Books of 1935

L. R. Z. of Uniontown, Pa., *says she was given the topic "The Best Book of 1935" for a club program, and is at sea on the assignment. She wants help in selecting the outstanding volume in fiction, biography, and travel.*

Categorically to label anything "best" is a dangerous business, and I refuse to put my head into a noose. Rather than take chances I have selected from last year's publications several in each of the fields which L. R. Z. mentions and from these she can make choice of the particular volume she most favors. All of the titles I name have met with critical and public commendation.

If I fear to apply the term "best" to any book I have no hesitation whatsoever in saying of Anne Morrow Lindbergh's NORTH TO THE ORIENT (Harcourt, Brace) that it was the most popular travel book of 1935. And, indeed, though there may have been more important works from the point of view of the geographical student I am sure that there could have been none more charming in spirit than this. It is, I think, by all means the volume which should find its way into L. R. Z.'s program if but one gets mention.

When it comes to fiction, there is, of course, the Pulitzer Prize to act as signpost to H. L. Davis's HONEY IN THE HORN (Harpers). Personally there are several books I should give preference to over it, if I were making up a program—Ellen Glasgow's VEIN OF IRON (Harcourt, Brace), Sinclair Lewis's IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE (Doubleday, Doran), Berry Fleming's SIESTA (Harcourt, Brace), one of the most veracious and effective portrayals of the South of today which has made its appearance since the influx of books on that section began, and Thomas Wolfe's OF TIME AND THE RIVER (Scribners), which, whatever one may think of its sprawling immensity, is not a work to be lightly brushed aside. James Boyd's ROLL RIVER (Scribners) is another tale which L. R. Z. might include in her list, as are also Mary Ellen Chase's SILAS CROCKETT (Macmillan) and Rachel Field's TIME OUT OF MIND (Macmillan). This last was chosen by the booksellers as the best novel of 1935.

As to biography there is again a Pulitzer Prize to mark out a special work, THE THOUGHT AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM JAMES (Little, Brown), a collection of letters by the philosopher carried on in a running interpretative commentary by Ralph Barton Perry This is a publication of importance to all to whom philosophy makes appeal, but it is possibly reading demanding too much application for club purposes. Perhaps the most charming biographical work of 1935, and one which should be admirably suited to L. R. Z.'s needs, is the late Clarence Day's LIFE WITH FATHER (Knopf), a delightful book not without gaiety because of its irony. With Mr. Day's volume might be read ALMA MATER (Farrar & Rinehart), by Henry Seidel Canby. Finally there are Marie Sandoz's OLD JULES (Little, Brown), Frank Monaghan's JOHN JAY (Bobbs-Merrill), Peter Quennell's BYRON: THE YEARS OF FAME (Viking), and that exceedingly interesting memoir of Napoleon's Moscow campaign, de Caulaincourt's WITH NAPOLEON IN RUSSIA (Morrow).

JUST OUT!

Three New Plays with Prefaces by

BERNARD SHAW

bristling with Shavian wit and sense and fury, and containing THE SIMPLETON OF THE UNEXPECTED ISLES, THE SIX OF CALAIS and THE MILLIONAIRESS. "It is not often that one finds such a combination of buffoonery and wisdom as Bernard Shaw has crammed into this volume. I urge you to read it!"

—RALPH THOMPSON in *The New York Times*

$2.50

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The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

Of Beards

THE subject of whiskers has always been a cause of merriment, masculine superiority, or legislation—as witness the Los Angeles statute which forbids men to wear them! The books on the subject are many, but the latest is perhaps the most delightfully interesting: "Apologia de Barbis," issued by the Cambridge University Press ($5). This is a first printing of a recently discovered MS written "with solemn and exhaustive erudition" by a Cistercian Abbot, Burchardus de Bellevaux, in the twelfth century. The book is entirely in Latin, with an introduction by E. P. Goldschmidt, and with two facsimile reproductions of the original MS now in the British Museum. It has been beautifully printed as a narrow twelvemo by the Cambridge University Press.

New England Antiquities

Two books on New England have recently appeared of somewhat more than ordinary importance and interest. The first is a definitive treatise on "The Hadley Chest," by Rev. Clair F. Luther (500 copies at $9.75). One hundred and nine of these chests have been located by the author, who has described each one, besides illustrating sixty-five of them: the makers and original owners have been designated, with references to descriptions appearing otherwise than in this book. Mr. Luther has studied the Hadley chest for years, and has made replicas himself, hence his introductory chapters are authentic and valuable records of the intimate details of these chests which had their origin in the Connecticut Valley town of Hadley. The book is a quarto volume, well printed, with admirable illustrations in collotype. No more satisfactory reference book on a given subject could be asked for.

A large and sumptuously illustrated collection of pictures of New England houses and architectural details is Mr. Samuel Chamberlain's "A Little House in the Sun," issued by Hastings House, New York. The pictures (which include incidental landscapes) are reproduced by the gravure process. They approximate metal engravings in their brilliancy, and possess at the same time the accuracy of photographs, being made from negatives which Mr. Chamberlain has taken.

Scientific Type Study

A PROVISIONAL INDEX TO ROMAN PRINTING TYPES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By Lester Condit. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1936. $1.

ENGLISH PRINTERS' TYPES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Frank Isaac. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 1936. $15.

The study of type faces on anything approaching a scientific basis is very recent. Even now there is no scheme which can be called either definitive or satisfactory, owing in part to the complexity of the subject and in part to the lack of work in that field. Type silhouettes are relatively minute—not small enough to require the microscope, not large enough to show their differences to the average eye. And even the trained eye has difficulty in distinguishing between fonts.

Mr. Condit's monograph (a "progress report" on measurements which he is making) is an attempt to establish a system for roman fifteenth century types based on the measurements of the angles in the key letters M, N, V, A, and Z. He gives these angle-measurements for some 500 incunabula. To one unacquainted with his method of working, it is difficult to see just how accurate measurements can be made without photographic enlargement. It is an ingenious plan, and if workable it may serve to enable the student more easily to establish the canon of fifteenth century types.

One detail of the measurement of types which Mr. Condit uses is the space covered by twenty lines of type—a gauge which is especially a bibliographical tool. But the history of these schemes of measurements is amusing and annoying. It had its inception, I believe, with Robert Proctor, and was first published in 1898. But Proctor, curiously enough, measured from the *top* of line one to the *bottom* of line ten—a fundamental error. Later workers in the field realized that the only proper measurement was from *corresponding* points in both lines: they, however, adopted *twenty* lines as the unit, thus confusing matters again. And there the matter rests. Mr. Condit's measurements are on the basis of twenty lines, presumably measured from corresponding points, but there is no indication of just what he means by twenty lines.

Colonel Isaac, in his book on English types of the Sixteenth Century, does not attempt a scheme of angular measurements for the various letters: indeed it would seem to be impossible to apply Mr. Condit's plan to Gothic letter, which is well represented in this latest volume of the Oxford Bibliographical Series. Twenty-line measurements are given for some eighty typical pages, together with line reproductions of the types. This would seem to be as far as one needs to go, at least for the moment, in charting the different type faces. The value even of so elementary a method of cataloguing is obvious, but Colonel Isaac has given point to the desirability of some scheme by his chapters on the Protestant and Catholic private presses, about which much may be learned by a knowledge of what type they used. Consideration is given to the printers at work from 1501-1558, and to Elizabethan printers. There are indexes and lists, and an introduction by Mr. A. W. Pollard.

This series is one of the high spots in modern bibliographical publications, and is handsomely printed.

IN TRACT OF TIME

By HELEN CORNELIUS

With an Introduction by Leonard Bacon. These selections from the author's verse, made and arranged by her shortly before her death, reveal a high and completely original gift of phrase and rhythm. $2.00

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This new edition is now the most complete one-volume Bridges published. Contains two pieces not hitherto included in any collection. $1.50

THE LAST MAN and Other Verses

By Elizabeth Daryush. $2.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue New York

The New Books

(*Continued from page 22*)

and Resi Hodl. What merrymaking! All the lodgers in the house are invited to join the festivities, including the faded, retired diva, the young Jewish communist, the two aristocratic ladies who are starving to death, the young violinist, and vivid, vital, competent Fräulein Goldös, who works in a department store. Home from crass America is Otto (described on the jacket as "the last scion of a distinguished family"), who deftly rights the troubles of the aristocratic ladies and is equally deftly married by the department-store Fräulein.

It is all a bit conscious, a bit slight, a bit nostalgic. But there is the faded, patched, romantic, threadbare tapestry of Old Vienna for a background. If you still possess a victrola, put on Fritz Kreisler's record of "The Old Refrain" and try a few chapters of this. Maybe it will do something to you. The seduction scene is on page 241.

W. M. S. III

Miscellaneous

PIGEONS AND SPIDERS. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Norton. 1936. $1.75.

M. Maeterlinck wonders about the stupid, half-alive creatures, the pigeon and the water-spider, for whom a brilliant spirit of nature has contrived such extraordinary reactions. He wonders about this nature, whose brain may be a summation of all possible to man and yet makes so many stupid mistakes, stupid at least from the point of view of mankind. This is the thread of his philosophy which runs through this delightful book, but his subject matter is descriptive, and it is only from his somewhat ironical conclusions that one discovers that the fascinating life his spiders and pigeons live is not all that it seems to the imagination. Those who remember "The Life of the Bee" will want to see this book.

H. S. C.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WHAT sounds to Old Q. like a good buy is vols. I and II of the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857-58), bound in the original cloth, including the entire first publication of Dr. Holmes's *Autocrat*. These are offered by Stanley Bezanson, bookseller at 1 Court Street, Boston, for the low price of $3. ☞Old Q., too broke to buy anything himself, gets an altruist pleasure in pointing out Discoveries to others. ☞Perhaps someone rambling in England this summer will stop in Falmouth and send us a snapshot of the grand old ship *Cutty Sark* which (says our favorite *Nautical Gazette*) is lying there. ☞Since the death of her owner Captain Dowman (who bought her from the Portuguese in 1922 and restored her original rig) there is some doubt of her future. ☞Q.'s notion is that Berry Brothers of London, the famous wine and spirits dealers, should take her over as a floating cellarage, since they named for her their esteemed brand of *Cutty Sark* whiskey. ☞The most amusing book of the spring so far, and sharp as a serpent's tooth: *Miracle in the Drawing Room* by Edwin Greenwood (Doubleday). (Perhaps you remember his *Deadly Dowager*.) Better not be read by bishops and literalists, but a convulsive purge for the pliable. Excellent twit: The fortune-teller sends in her card saying "Sittings Arranged," and the young man pretends to believe she's a dealer in poultry.

☞Tom Stricker, the Tudor-minded typothete at 57 West 58, has printed 60 copies of Anthony Hillyer's little essay on *Elizabeth's Privy Councillor*—viz. Sir John Harington who invented the first "sanitary chamber of emunction."

☞Charles P. Everitt, Ferret and Fugleman of Americana, has moved to larger quarters at 865 Lexington Ave., between 64 and 65 Sts. ☞Lucy Wilder's Bookshop, Rochester, Minn., celebrates its third birthday by publishing her book on *The Mayo Clinic*.

☞A blue shirt has always been Old Q.'s favorite symbol of ease and defenestration. ☞Pleasure then to learn that the very first client of this season's Open Air Library in Bryant Park was a machinist in a blue shirt who borrowed a copy of the S. R. L. The N. Y. *World-Telegram* identified him as Irving Brondowsky of 1105 Sutter Avenue, Brooklyn. ☞Which reminds us that a subscription to the S. R. L. makes a much appreciated Graduation Present for young friends leaving college. ☞The most intelligent book Q. has read this spring is E. M. Forster's admirable fascicle of essays and whatnots, *Abinger Harvest*. ☞This department hasn't seen Mencken's new edition of *The American Language*, but approves Terence Holliday's opinion of it as "rich, infinitely suggestive, and fruitful." Surely both these books belong in any shrewd list of Summer Reading. ☞To make himself hanker for vacation (and has he earned it) Old Q. thinks about Clark Firestone's *Sycamore Shores* which tells of the voyages that can be made by steamer on America's inland rivers. ☞Cinci is the main river port of this country, and the good old Greene Line begins on June 30 its summer season of trips to Pittsburgh and back. The Greene packets go down to Louisville and up to Huntington all the year round. ☞Clark Firestone warns owners of private craft to keep off the Missouri unless piloted by experts. ☞As in the literature business, the current is swift and muddy, driftwood and snags frequent. ☞McBride, 116 East 16, publisher of *Sycamore Shores*, will send to those interested a memorandum of the latest doings in river steamboat services.

☞Among the misprints that have always pleased Old Q. is one that has persisted in every American printing of Conrad's *Falk*, now for more than 30 years. It says of a certain skipper that he was so skilful he brought his ship home to Liverpool, under jury rig, all the way from "the river Platte." ☞It should be, of course, the river Plate. ☞The Platte is famous for being about 1000 miles long and 6 inches deep. ☞Another Conrad misprint, in the latest catalogue of the famous Rosenbach Company: item 97: "Some Aspects of the *Admirable* Inquiry into the Loss of the *Titanic*." ☞Should be *Admiralty* Inquiry. ☞Excited to learn that Basil Blackwell's new edition of Ben Jonson's poems will contain hitherto unprinted poems including, says Mr. Blackwell, some of his "weightiest and raciest" verse. ☞Busts of Simon Newcomb (astronomer) and William Penn (settler) were unveiled May 28 at the N. Y. U. Hall of Fame. ☞Walt Whitman's birthday (May 31) will be celebrated as usual at the old farmhouse at Laurel Springs, N. J., where Walt used to visit the Staffords. This we are glad to hear because we had a notion the old place had burned down. But it shouldn't have, because it's right next to a Fire House on the White Horse Pike. ☞ Sheed and Ward, 63 Fifth Ave., always have lively things to say in their announcements. They remark, apropos Alfred Noyes' *Voltaire*:—

> The end of the Lytton Strachey period in biography is in sight; not because all mankind's heroes have by now been debunked, but because the public has grown weary of the game: it has seen St. Francis as a masochist, Queen Victoria as a fishwife, Cardinal Manning as a hypocrite, Shelley as a repressed homosexualist, Washington as a land-jobber, Dickens as a roué, Lincoln as an alcoholic maniac.

They add, we don't know just why, that when Alfred Noyes rowed in the Exeter College eight (at Oxford) he was "held to be the ugliest man in the boat."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
3 STAR OMNIBUS *Look to the rt., please* (Knopf: $2.)	"Trent's Last Case," by E. C. Bentley; "Green Ice," by R. Whitfield, and "The Middle Temple Murder," by J. S. Fletcher.	Galaxy of gorgeous entertainment with the old reliable J. S. Fletcher standing the test of time like nobody's business.	Necessary
MURDER OF THE ADMIRAL *Stephen Gould* (Macaulay: $2.)	Sudden deaths on "battle wagon" bring Sheridan Doome, the "robot detective," to the scene—and the fun begins.	Fantastic, and basically unbelievable, but the nautical background and unusual characters redeem it.	Readable
PRESIDENT FU MANCHU *Sax Rohmer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Ominous Oriental plots to become dictator of America and stops at nothing—but Nayland-Smith, as usual, thwarts him.	Topical thriller introducing some thinly disguised realities and crammed with wily wickedness, palpitating action, and guff.	For Fu Manchu fans
THE JASMINE TRAIL *H. T. Hagerty* (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard: $2.)	By poison, dagger, and gat the many victims perish, with newshawk Hurley erasing killers one by one.	Almost all known contemporary murder story situations are here stewed up together with completely negligible results.	Outside!
THE LIFE OF THE PARTY *Elizabeth Jordan* (Appleton Century: $2)	Jobless young engineer cleverly thwarts villainous plots that endanger lives of fear-stricken Long Island household.	Hints of murder round the corner and sprightly dialogue keep yarn moving—to a rather "is-that-so?" conclusion.	Diverting
MURDER AT MOREBY *Alice Cartlidge* (Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd.: 6/)	Sir Ralph Moreby shot late at night in library of baronial manor. Scotland Yard finds the unlikely suspect.	The dead man had enemies for all the usual reasons, and the castle is full of secret passages.	Ordinary

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 9*)

really enjoy writing—perhaps that's why a lot enjoy reading—and that therefore it would be awfully unkind to deprive these graceless citizens of a lot of fun?

Personally I doubt whether anyone writing today is writing for posterity. Many will disagree with me, those of the Hemingway *cum* Faulkner school and those who adhere with sound and fury to Mr. Morgan, who writes such beautiful, weighty, faintly esoteric prose about the most unlikely people. And I doubt seriously that in a century or so any writer now living will be crammed down the ungainly little gullets of school children who will even then be thinking of sleds or trout fishing or other escapes, in season. Therefore when now and then our descendants dig up a book or so of this era, yawning painfully and convinced that their current best seller (from a critical point of view) will live forever, harkening to praises sung via wireless and gestured via television by the Mr. Woollcott of the day, therefore, I repeat, they may as well dig up a popular novel as not. For if fiction is contemporary history they'll find the twentieth century faithfully mirrored in many of its facets, and maybe they'll *like* learning what we wore and what we ate and how we furnished our funny houses.

But, honestly, popularity is its own reward, its own salvation and damnation and needs no clever pen either to excoriate or defend. And perhaps the ladies whose unfaltering portraits adorned your distinguished pages have had a considerable pleasure out of life, even if they have not suffered the pangs of genius.

FAITH BALDWIN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Feminine Detective Fiction

SIR:—After Mrs. Banning's admirable answer even a footnote on "Feminine Fiction" is unnecessary. I found Mrs. Gerould's article delightful and devastating.

Her omission was probably intentional, but she said not one word about detective fiction, a fair share of which, American brand, is produced by women writers, who for the most part make no attempt to turn out hard-boiled thin men. Costume details, interior decoration, all the department store trivia which do add something to the happiness of most women, are freely and accurately used in their books. I offer you the names of Helen Reilly, Mignon Eberhardt, Phoebe Atwood Taylor, Mary Roberts Rinehart. . . . I wish I could add my own.

Nor am I at all convinced that the dyed-in-the-wool detective story fan disdains stories written by women even if they make their first appearance as serials in a glossy monthly featuring patterns and menus.

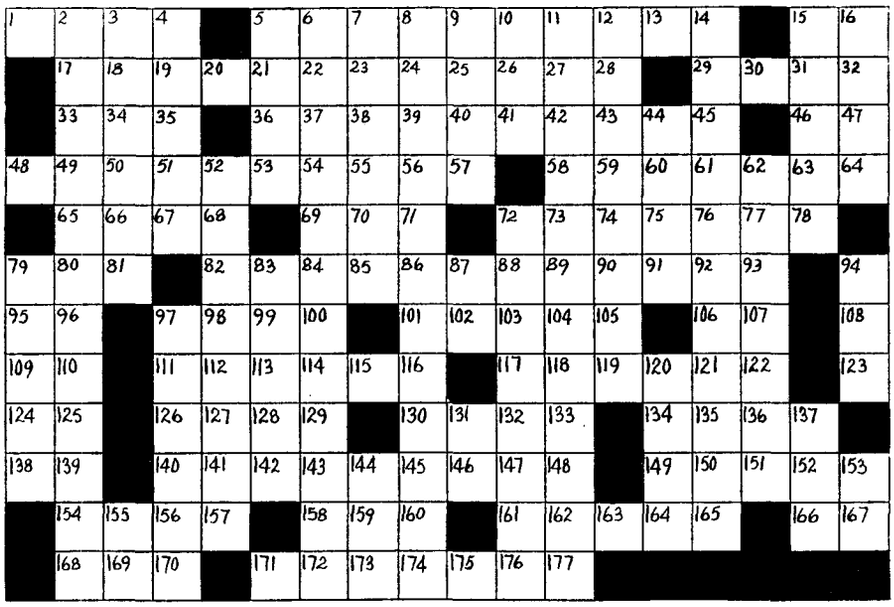
However, it must be remembered that authors of detective fiction rarely list objects merely as window trimming for the lady customers. One never knows when the whiff of *Vol d'Amour* or the Schiaparelli label or even the salad recipe itself may not contain the essential clue.

HELEN JOAN HULTMAN.

Dayton, Ohio.

Double-Crostics: No. 114

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Cross-eyed.

II. To restrain.

III. Irrevelant.

IV. English historian (1818-1894).

V. Horn.

VI. A placard (Fr.).

VII. London's historic prison.

VIII. Marriage outside the clan.

IX. Sneering; derisive.

X. Irish poet and novelis' (1882—).

XI. Keenness of discernment.

XII. Popular Emperor of Japan (1879-1926).

XIII. Result.

XIV. Character in "Romeo and Juliet."

XV. Banter.

XVI. The willow.

XVII. Author of "Seed."

XVIII. Asseverated.

XIX. Mother of the Stars (Gr.).

XX. Awakens; agitates.

XXI. Young hog.

XXII. Tragedy by Sophocles.

XXIII. A company of actors.

XXIV. Exemption from punishment.

XXV. South American river.

XXVI. Absurdity.

WORDS

96 33 71 79 97 166 93 128 146 173

149 40 89 2 94 47 143 5

88 54 13 69 28 4 8 51 73 98 80 31

154 77 91 169 81 133 .

1 22 52 132 66

95 16 139 30 142 109 99

100 35 29 148 117 58 6

110 141 138 105 24 157 177

78 135 155 145 63 104 90 55

57 176 60 134 32 129 147 87

158 17 70 116 152 92

160 168 126 34 26 59 3 108 124

86 112 25 111 150 74 56

39 65 170 49 165

41 72 163 64 123

107 23 42 121 164

167 67 125 61 103 120

20 75 102 37 82

175 115 45

38 101 76 161 50 171

84 162 127 130 140

12 159 106 131 7 15 68 62

114 11 18 144 36 53

119 151 85 44 9 174 137 14

172 118 83 19 27 46 156

48 43 122 136 10 153 113 21

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ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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SURPRISE BOXES, Birthday or Convalescent, for children 3 to 10 years. Prices: $5.00 and $10.00. Kindly give name, age, and favorite interest of child when ordering. "Windwards," P. O. Box 114, Wyncote, Pa.

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SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest sea-cliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, chowder, open fires. Very reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—Two young men willing to exchange wealth, civilization and their efficiency with carpenters' tools for bed, board, laundry, $5 week, helping with construction jobs on mountainside farm. Parker, Williamstown, Mass.

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SUBLET June 1-October 1. $60 monthly. Charming four room apartment. Greenwich Village. Near all subways and buses. Box 170-B.

HARVARD UNDERGRADUATE seeks summer job. Cellist, fencer, cryptographer. Know German, French, Russian, Esperanto. Can type. Box 336-B.

IF YOU MUST be in New York during July and August, sublet my completely furnished two-room apartment. Frigidaire, radio, grand piano. Greenwich Village. Fifty monthly. Box 337-B.

"DON'T-SNORE"—Small, gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing, $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, 26, language major, wants trip abroad in exchange for services; secretary, companion, governess; anything within reason. Box 338-B.

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WHAT AMIABLE NATIVE MISS, not ultra-literary or too conservative, will assuage Manhattanite's 32nd attack of spring-fever by writing? Box 340-B.

CAN YOU COOK? Writer's family summering Westport (private beach) offer room, bath, good fare, considerable free time in return for general assistance. ELdorado 5-4576.

WOULD LIKE TO SHARE fully equipped modern 3-room village apartment with business woman. Oriental rugs, original drawings, electric fans, cross ventilation. Inexpensive. Credentials exchanged. CHelsea 2-7235, 6 P.M.

PERSONALS

RETIRED COLLEGE TEACHER wishes two or three boarders, preferably for all summer. Interesting old farmhouse in lovely hill country. Elevation 1100 feet. Two bathrooms, electric lights, four fireplaces, vegetable garden. Rates $15 and $20 a week. Box 70, R. F. D. Conway, Massachusetts.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA hides not its light! May I "point with pride"—"view with alarm"—or expatiate (talk!—to you)—conversationally or via the pen? (45-55) Daphne. H

IN MEMORIAM:—"the grandeur and the glory. . . ."

SUBLET—June to October—College teachers' large, cool, pleasant room—Columbia section. Call MOnument 2-5825.

WHOA THERE! We want you to share our riding, fishing, camping adventures, and expenses—(they're nothing, really)—on summer pack trip in Wyoming Rockies. In our dreams "you" are keen, horse-conscious, young married couple. Please materialize and write. Box 280-B.

DEAF WOMEN can join a small group for summer of intensive lipreading practice. Beautiful Philadelphia suburb. Box 243-B.

FOR RENT OR PURCHASE—Cape Cod Cottage, furnished, all mod. imp., secluded, ideal for writers. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 fireplaces. Reasonable rent for long season. Apply Mrs. H. D. Ward, So. Berwick, Maine.

AM 32 AND UNATTACHED, New Yorker, foreign-born. I read of "The woman who is not disappointing." Which girl feels like writing me a little letter? Siegfried.

FOR SALE—Farm of 125 acres at Pawlet, Vermont, 2 small houses with large yards, good barns, level meadows and out of flood zone. Mrs. Elizabeth Bromley, No. 1 Court St., Montpelier, Vt.

FOR RENT SEASON. Charm, comfort, quiet. Not suitable if you have stylish servants. 5 bedrooms, 3 baths. H. S. Babcock, Stonington, Connecticut.

1936 WRITERS' CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS. July 27 to August 14. Workshop groups will study and confer daily. Leaders T. S. Stribling (Novel), Edward Davison (Poetry), Robert Penn Warren (Essay and Article), Sylvia Chatfield Bates (Short Story), Katharine Clugston (Playwriting). Personal counsel and criticism by the leaders and advisers, including Martha Foley (**Story** Magazine), Fulton Oursler (**Liberty** Magazine), Thomas H. Ferril, W. M. John, W. M. Raine, C. E. Scoggins, Marian Castle, Lenora Weber, J. McBride Dabbs, and others. Frank Ernest Hill will be in charge of the new Manuscript Bureau, to which members may submit their work before the Conference begins. MSS will be reported on by the Conference readers in the same way as publishers' advisers report to their firms. Also eight evening lectures and four round table conferences on writing and publication problems. Intending and beginning writers eligible for membership as well as more established authors. Teachers of creative writing also admitted. Full particulars on application to Edward Davison, Director, Writers' Conference, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

NEEDED: PRESTIGE. Woman, 26, would join editorial staff of magazine, newspaper, publishing house, for two months without pay. Copywriting, copyreading, editing experience. Box 344-B.

"NO ALABASTER BOX"—and Other Poems, by Eve Lynn, young Philadelphia Negro Poetess. Beautifully printed in three colors, 350 numbered copies, $1.50, postpaid. Send for Announcement. Alpress Printers, 1321 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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PERSONALS

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YOUNG FRENCH WOMAN seeks position. Experienced in bookselling, library work (English and foreign books), knowledge of typing. Offers French conversation or Tutor, governess to children or companion to lady. No objection to travel. References. Box 349-B.

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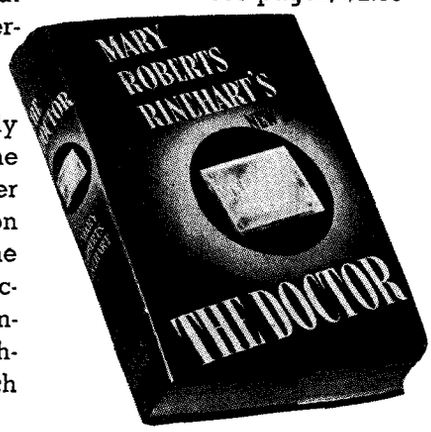

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